

LONDON SOCIETY.

DECEMBER, 1868.



“GANSIF FROM EGYPT,”—P. 511.

A FIGHT WITH TIME.

A GREAT calamity, for which, without doubt, somebody was to blame, had befallen many families in a moment. Hours and days, nay weeks, of laborious investigation had ensued, and now all England was waiting, rather impatiently, it must be owned, for the verdict. The morning had come at last when there remained no more witnesses to be sworn on a clammy black book, smelling like an old glove that has lain mildewing a very long time in

a musty drawer. The jury had received their charge from the coroner, and had retired into close consultation. The business of the little market under the Town Hall where the inquest had been held was quite suspended. The wasps were allowed to revel among the wall-fruit, riven with over-ripeness, and to sting and tease the gaping saccharine wounds. The flies came in swarms, and settled on the joints of meat, and nobody said them nay. The boys

pursued their games at marbles and pitch-in-the-ring under the eye of the chief constable. It was a warm day towards the end of August, and people sought the shade as they stood about the building in which the jury sat to deliberate upon the evidence before them. A policeman guarded the closed door at the bottom of the staircase. It was popularly believed that he already knew the verdict; and bystanders fixed their eyes on him as though they would read it in his face, or draw the official secret from his tightly-buttoned bosom. It was an anxious time for some of us, and not least for the newspaper reporters, of whom I, the writer of this professional revelation, was one.

For more than a fortnight we had been sadly and still busily rustinating at a small market town on the confines of the unfrequented Vale of Clwyd. The strangest and most terrible railway accident that ever happened in this country had happened hard by; and a long mound of newly-turned clay by the churchyard wall covered the cares and the hopes, the plans, the ambitions, the loves, jealousies, joys and troubles of a whole trainful of travellers, stopped by death on their outset for an autumn tour. This was what the twelve jurymen were now talking over in the long room above stairs. In what way the unlooked-for length of their deliberations affected the small knot of persons with whom I was associated must be told with a few technical explanations. Readers of the public journals had, every morning while the inquest was going on, been kept well supplied with accounts of the proceedings, and had probably troubled themselves very little as to the manner in which those accounts got into print. It is, however, needful that present readers should learn a little of our mystery. Long letters, reporting all that took place in the Coroner's Court each day, up to the hour of two, were sent off by a train which left the station, a mile distant, half an hour later. In the evening we completed by telegraph the summary of evidence up to the time of adjournment. It will be generally

granted, perhaps, that this was rather sharp work for every day, considering that the Court opened at ten, and seldom broke up so early as six, the interval for midday refreshment being half or three-quarters of an hour, and considering also that the written matter, independent of telegrams, usually filled from two to four columns of print. Now, it was thought that the verdict of the Coroner's jury would be returned some reasonable length of time before the starting of the half-past two o'clock train, which train, as I have said, took our daily letters to London for special delivery the same night at the several printing offices. We had therefore contemplated going up to town by that same train, and we allowed the morning to slip away before we took into account the possible contingency of the verdict's being kept back to a late period of the afternoon. It is not at all an uncommon practice for the ubiquitous gentlemen whom editors of newspapers affectionately term 'our own, or "our special" correspondents to write in railway trains. We might have adopted this plan had we got away by the particular train in question; or we might have left the whole of our work to be done, more at ease, on our arrival in London. Any way, it seemed at first a certainty that nothing would hinder our departure in good time, and we were therefore heedless in our fancied security. At length matters began to look serious. The time was lessening, and as it diminished, new and unexpected business arose. A long document, of some public importance, turned up, and copies had to be made. An anxious hour was lost in fruitless attempts to get hold of this same document, with which somebody had walked away. He was found at last; but by this time it was too late to make copies of the many folios of manuscript. The chief railway officials, however, told us of a special train which was to run them up to London, and would run us up too, starting at four o'clock, if, as was thought pretty certain, the verdict should be delivered by that time. So, comforting ourselves with this assurance,

we made an agreement as to the copying of the precious document before the departure of the special train. But once more the document was missing; and when, after long search, it was again recovered, our party was separated and dispersed in all directions. It took so much valuable time to bring together the scattered members of our body, that the getting away by the four o'clock special now seemed as hopeless as had been the attempt to catch the ordinary train at half-past two. I had spent an hour and a half in making an abbreviated pencil-copy of the voluminous paper on a doorstep, when the pleasing intelligence was brought me that the railway officials had relinquished all purpose of getting to town until such time next morning as would be too late for us, who wished to be *en rapport* with the printers by midnight, or by one o'clock at the utmost. I had not finished my transcript, and other 'gentlemen of the press' were in the worse plight of having omitted even to make a beginning of theirs. What was to be done? A railway director suggested a special engine, and I literally and physically jumped at the idea. There would just be time, he said, to catch a certain train at Chester, or, failing this, at Crewe. The traffic-manager looked doubtful; the superintendent of locomotives shook his head. There *might* be time; but certainly there was not a moment to spare. An engine was still in readiness, with steam up, the order for the special train not having been revoked. Calling my friends hastily together, I volunteered to be Mercury not alone for Jupiter, whose satellites—if a small metaphorical confusion may be pardoned—had already hired a horse and gig, to drive to the station a mile off. Him did I solemnly adjure to telegraph the verdict to London; and off we galloped to the railway, where, sure enough, the engine was waiting. The kindness of the company's representatives had provided me with an escort. I was to be attended as far as Crewe, if necessary, by an intelligent guard, who would assist me to the uttermost in the endeavour to catch the

train at that station, supposing we should happen to miss it at Chester.

The impatience of the snorting iron steed to be off seemed no less than my own. 'We have forty minutes to do thirty-eight mile, and we could do it easy if there weren't nothing to stop un,' said the driver; and the engine gave a loud snort in response. 'You must look sharp, sir, please,' said my friend the guard; and the engine gave two short, quick snorts, louder yet, as it would say, 'Yes, do.' The remonstratory and urgent appeal had been addressed not to me, but to Jove's satellite, who stood calmly on the platform, finishing his letter. I knew him well as an old hand, who was not to be flurried; and I was sure that while he seemed to be wasting golden moments he was carefully securing, so to speak, whole bundles of notes on the bank of Time. So when I got his parcel I found that the last words he had pencilled were an instruction to the effect that printed slips of such matter as he had solely gleaned should be furnished by his office to other London papers. He did not even know that I had partly copied the document of which mention has more than once been made. Its duplicate was contained in his packet, and as he gave this to me, he said, 'Here; you'll have enough to do on your own hook to-night, so you needn't give yourself any trouble about the other papers; I've made it all right for them.' Do the public imagine that a continual, restless, uncompromising war is waged among newspapers elsewhere than in their editorial columns?—Then are the public mistaken. Goodwill, practically manifested in mutual acts of useful kindness, makes pleasant the life of the travelling journalist, who shares 'facts' with his brethren, and is independent only in his manner of putting those facts into readable language. Feverish desire to monopolize information seldom disturbs the good understanding of men who travel so often in company as do the correspondents of leading newspapers, or, for that matter, of newspapers which don't lead. It is found that a general confidence tells

best in the long run. If protestations to this effect had passed between the genially cool and self-collected gentleman who handed me his parcel as I stood on the iron flooring in front of the engine-fire, I think that the snorting monster would have burst with impatience to start. The minutes remaining to us when the movement was made were exactly as one to each mile of the journey before us; but as there would be a stoppage or two, the maximum speed must be higher than if the line had been clear.

'Look through the glass, sir,' said the driver; and at first I thought he wanted me to keep watch ahead; but his considerate object was to spare me as much as possible the annoyance of mingled steam and soot, which soon covered the light overcoat I was wearing with round black spots, like those on a cheap toy-horse. Screened very ineffectually, by keeping my face close to the circular pane of glass on my side of the furnace-door, and steadying myself by a tight grasp of a moveable brass handle on the boiler—taking immense pains not to turn it, the consequence of such an act being to me unknown—I soon began to relish the excitement of the swift, thundering chase. Taking advantage of every straight piece of road, the driver put on all his steam, and the pace was really tremendous. The line, for long distances together, was open to the sea; and a fresh north-east breeze, blowing three-points in our teeth, was increased by our opposing speed into a gale. The harsh, screaming whistle of the engine was sounded almost without cessation by the careful driver, who was evidently conscious of a more than ordinary risk in this mad race against time. Past Rhyl, Prestatyn, and Gronant, to the curve where the rail turns south-east, near the Point of Ayre, and then continues in a pretty straight line along the mouth of Dee, we flew with scarcely a check. Stations were passed, not without a shudder on my part, I will confess; though there was reassurance in the sight of the unfailing man in uni-

form, who, at the sound of our approach, crossed the line in front, and signalled us onward. Past fields on the one hand, with a background of hills, and past Dee sands on the other, we rushed, with a thunderous clatter and roar, through all which dim pierced the hoarse shriek of the steam-whistle. Shrieking, roaring, rushing, clashing, past the hills and fields and homesteads, past the oxen in the meadows, past the staring cottage children, headlong tore the ponderous engine, throbbing out its deafening troches.

We had slackened speed a little, here and there, and had crept through one station where the signals, for a minute or so, were against us; but our first dead pull-up was at Holywell, where a cattle train, which was on our line, had to be shunted for us to pass. During part of this operation, our panting, fire-breathing engine stood alongside one of the trucks, crowded with wild-eyed steers of the small Welsh breed; and frightened enough they seemed to be at their close neighbourhood with so strange a beast. We were off again with as little delay as might be; having made good use of our short detention at Holywell by getting a telegram sent to Chester, to keep the train there as long as was practicable. Between Holywell and Flint we travelled at an awful rate, the guard remarking quietly to the driver, in a short pause of the whistle, that he had never 'moved along' so fast in his life. Nor had I, except in the car of a balloon. But at Flint station, through the stupid slowness of men in charge of a lot of trucks, we were stopped so long that our former speed was near being thrown away. A traveller is fortunate, if, many times in his life, he have not cause to regret some want of linguistic accomplishments; and an occasion of deep grief to me, while kept waiting on my engine outside the station at Flint, was my inability to swear in Welsh. The faithful guard who had attended me thus far, and who was charged with implicit orders to bring me in time to Crewe or Chester, compensated,

I believe, for my deficiencies; at least he talked loudly and angrily at the men with the trucks. Meanwhile, I had a short conversation with the engine-driver, as the fireman relieved the impatience of the whole party by shovelling coals through the furnace-door.

'Did you hear the verdict, sir?' asked the driver.

'No,' I replied. 'It was not given when we left; but I am afraid there is no doubt it will be Manslaughter.'

'Against who, sir?'

'The two breaksmen.'

There was an embarrassing silence for some moments. The man could not have been surprised by my answer, but it touched him nearly. He shook his head gravely and sadly. Then he said—

'They're as innocent as I am, sir; and God knows I'm not guilty.'

The pause which followed was broken by the driver's remarking, in a tone of sage and mournful reflection, at which, considering the character of our journey, I could scarce forbear to smile, 'Railways aren't things to play with, sir.'

'Indeed they're not,' said I; 'but don't you think we've been just a little playfully reckless to-day?'

'No, sir,' said the man; 'it's overconfidence, at times when no danger's looked for—it's that as does the mischief, in general. It's overconfidence; that's what it is. Now, you see, we knew there was a kind of danger in what we was doing. So we guarded against it. We wasn't over-confident.'

The trucks were shunted at last, and we got off again, and thundered along towards Chester, blowing that shrill, hoarse, screaming whistle all the way. I was glad exceedingly when I saw to our right hand a wide green plain, which I recognized, by white posts and rails, marking out a race-course, as the Roodee. My heart sang a joy-song when the bit of old wall came in view; and the small weight of misgiving which, up to this moment, oppressed me, with regard to the train, was removed when we made our triumphal entry into Chester station, and saw the train there.

My dressing-bag, companion over many leagues of sea and land, was quickly released from the fireman's box; and I alighted from my good steed—if there is no solecism in thus designating an inanimate mass of machinery which, to the least fanciful man who has ridden it, or has watched it rushing past him in full action, is as much a thing of life as any dragon of olden story—to scamper over several lines of rails to the platform. The screech of the engine whistle sang painfully in my ears, to the exclusion of other sounds, so that I had much ado to understand the station-master's congratulation on my having caught the train. He had delayed it to the very last moment, on my account; and no sooner had I bundled into an empty compartment than the wheels were in motion. The remaining commonplace part of the journey was accomplished as a matter-of-course; and the next day's papers bore evidence of the faithful discharge of my trust.

I will conclude with a humble, and, I hope, not unreasonable plea for a class of literature the best abused perhaps of any in the world. To crave large indulgence for this class of literature would be impertinent. 'Newspaper English' ought to be the best English; nor can I allow that it is by any means the worst. Judged by a literary standard, the essays that day after day come before the public, in those newspapers at which the gracefully commercial spirit of the age affects to sneer on the score of price—the gentility and attainments of tuppence being obviously just double those of a penny—may take their place among writings which, as a rule, support rather than injure the dignity and purity of the English tongue. Philosophers who hold that in order to be accurate it is necessary to be dull, and who would wash the colour and life out of all language, because their own happens to be rather colourless and not at all lively, have started an ugly word, 'sensationalism,' and are running it hard. As, in barbarous days, men were sometimes sewn in the skins of beasts and hunted to

death, the modern journalist is clad against his will in the hide of 'sensationalism,' and, thus deformed, has the whole pack of small critics in full cry at his heels. Against the silly injustice complaint is unavailing. But to the public, who are not altogether uninterested lookers-on, some useful appeal may be made

respecting this kind of sport. It often assails good, honest work—work performed in the public service—work that a *dilettante* would be afraid or unable to attempt—work that is sometimes physically as well as intellectually a fight with time.

MUSIC HALL MORALITY.

TWENTY years ago amusement for the people was at low-water mark. Railways were less numerous and extensive, and railway directors had not yet thought of working the profitable field suggested by the little word 'excursion.' 'Eight hours by the seaside,' to be compassed comfortably within a holiday of a single summer's day was a miracle scarcely even dreamt of by the most sanguine progressionist. Thousands and tens of thousands of London-born men and women lived and laboured through a long life-time, and never saw the sea at all. Sheerness, twenty years ago, was the working man's seaside; and his knowledge of sea sand was confined to as much of it as was unpleasantly discovered lurking within the shells of the plate of winkles served up at his shilling tea at Gravesend. Even the green country 'far removed from noise and smoke,' was, if not a sealed book to him, at least a volume placed on so high a shelf that, after some experience, he was driven to the conclusion that the pains and penalties attending a climb for it were scarcely compensated by success and temporary possession of the prize. The only conveyance at his service—and that only on recognized holiday occasions—was the greengrocer's van, newly painted and decorated for the event, and in which a mixed company of the sexes crowded, and were dragged along the hot and dusty road at the rate of five miles an hour, towards Hampton Court or Epping Forest, there to huddle on the grass, and partake of a collation that, but for its four hours' grilling on the van roof under a blazing sun, would have been cold, with flask-

liquor or luke-warm beer out of a stone jar as liquid accompaniments. Twenty years ago a Crystal Palace had existence nowhere but within the cover of that book of wonders, the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and the soil out of which the museum at South Kensington has sprung was devoted to the growth of cabbages.

In that dark age, however, it is questionable if the inconveniences enumerated were regarded as such. The people knew no better. The Jack of the past generation was a Jack-of-all-work, according to the strictest interpretation of that term. So seldom did he indulge in a holiday that he went at it as a teetotaller broke loose goes at hard drinking, and it unsettled him for a week afterwards. His play-time imposed on him more real hard labour than his accustomed jog-trot work-time, and he was an unhappy, despondent man until his excited nerves grew calm, and the tingling of his blood subsided. Such were the alarming effects on him that it seemed a happy dispensation that Whitsun and Easter came each but once a year.

As a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and who consequently was in a violent condition of perspiration during twelve hours in each twenty-four, it is scarcely likely that the question of evening amusement would much trouble the working man of that period. Jaded and weary, he was by necessity a hearth and home-loving man. He had neither the pluck nor the inclination to be anything else. The evening saw him plodding homeward, and all his de-

sire was to remove his heavy boots from his tired feet, and engage with all speed in the demolition of his tea-supper, after which there was nothing for it but for him to drag his chair to the chimney-corner, and there sit and smoke or doze till bed-time. If he were inclined for an hour or so of away-from-home recreation, where could he find it? There were the theatres; but he so rarely went to such places that 'going to the play' was an event not to be treated in an off-hand manner, or to be decided on without due deliberation. Besides, it was a dear treat. Supposing that he went into the pit (he would take the 'missus' of course), there would go two shillings, and at least another one for a drop of something to take in and a mouthful of something to eat, and three shillings is a large sum. Being a Briton and a loyal man, and as such recognizing 'the social glass and the cheerful song' as chief among the supporting pillars of the Constitution, he would very willingly have contributed his share towards it; but where, as a sober and proper person, was his opportunity? Truly, he might drink long life and prosperity to the Queen, and confusion to her enemies, as he sat at home over the pint of beer fetched from the public-house; but amidst the distracting influences of domesticity how much of heartiness would there be in the patriotic sentiment? He might, as he sat with his feet on the home fender-bar, raise his voice harmonically in praise of his wife and 'the troop of little children at his knee,' or of 'Tom Bowling,' or 'Old John Barleycorn,' but he would grow weary in less than a week of such pastime, under repeated reminders that the baby was asleep, or that his fellow-lodgers were complaining. Even twenty years ago there were 'concert rooms' where 'professional talent' was engaged, and where six-pence was charged for admission; but, as a rule, these were dirty, low, disreputable dens, where liquor little better than poison was sold, and where the company consisted chiefly of the riff-raff of the town, both male and female. He had neither

the means nor the inclination to resort to a place of this description. All, then, that was left to him was the tavern parlour 'sing-song,' or free-and-easy, usually celebrated on Mondays and Saturdays, these being the times when he was most likely to have a shilling in his pocket. But what amount of satisfaction was to be got out of it? Excepting for the inordinate quantity of malt or spirituous liquors the working man felt bound to imbibe for the good of the house, the 'free-and-easy' was as tame as tame could be. The same individual—the landlord—occupied the chair invariably; the same men sang the same songs (it would have been regarded as a most unwarrantable liberty if Jones had attempted to render a ditty known as Wilkins'); the same jokes were exchanged; the same toasts and sentiments found utterance. It was not enjoyment at all that occupied the company, but a good-natured spirit of forbearance and toleration. Scarcely a man in the room came to hear singing, but to be heard singing. This was the weakness that drew the members of the 'free-and-easy' together, and every man, out of tender consideration for his own affliction, was disposed to treat an exhibition of the prevalent malady on the part of a neighbour with kindly sympathy. But the morning's reflection ensuing on such an evening's amusement never failed to disclose the dismal fact that there was 'nothing in it'—nothing, that is, but headache and remorse for money wasted.

Of late years, however, the state of the British handcraftsman has undergone an extraordinary change. He is not the same fellow he used to be. He has cast aside the ancient mantle of unquestioning drudgery that so long hung about his drooping shoulders. He has straightened his neck to look about him, a process which has elevated his view of matters generally at least three inches (and that is a good deal in the case of a man whose nose from boyhood has been kept at the grindstone, and whose vision has been always at a bare level with the top of that useful machine). It was

no more than natural that 'work' being the theme that had so long occupied his attention, he should, having satisfactorily settled that matter, turn to its direct antithesis, 'play,' and make a few inquiries as to what amendment were possible in that direction. It became evident to him that this portion of the social machine, no less than the other, was out of order. It appeared all right from a superficial view; but when you came closely to examine it there were loose screws in every direction, and many of the main wheels were so clogged with objectionable matter, that no decent man could safely approach it. This was serious. The reformed handi-craftsman had leisure now, and considerably more money than in the old time. Offer him a fair evening's amusement, and he would pay his shilling for it cheerfully. But, mind you, it must be fit and proper amusement, and such as chimed harmoniously with his newly-developed convictions of his respectability and intellectual importance. But, looking to the right and to the left of him, he failed to discover what he sought; and probably he would to this very day have been vainly inquiring which way he should turn, had it not been for certain enterprising and philanthropic persons, who, ascertaining his need, generously undertook the task of providing for it.

The arguments used by the disinterested gentlemen in question showed beyond a doubt that they thoroughly understood the matter. 'What you want,' said they to the working man, 'is something very different from that which now exists. You like good music, you have an affectionate regard for the drama; but if at the present time you would taste of one or the other you are compelled to do so under restrictions that are irksome. The theatre is open to you, but you cannot do as you like in a theatre. You must conform to certain rules and regulations, and, in a manner of speaking, are made to "toe the mark." If you want a glass of beer—and what is more natural than that you should?—you can't get it. What

you can get for your sixpence is half a pint and a gill of flat or sour stuff in a black bottle, and to obtain even this luxury you must creep noiselessly to the shabby little refreshment-room and drink it there and creep back again to your seat in the pit as though you had been guilty of something you should be ashamed of. You would like a pipe or a cigar; you are used to smoking of evenings, and deprivation from the harmless indulgence disagrees with you. No matter; you must not smoke within the walls of a theatre; if you attempted it the constable would seize you and never loose his hold on your collar till he had landed you on the outer pavement.

'Now what you require, and what you shall have, is a happy blending of the theatre and the opera house and the highly-respectable tavern-parlour, a place the atmosphere of which shall be so strictly moral that the finest-bred lady in the land may breathe it without danger, and at the same time a place where a gentleman accompanying a lady may take his sober and soothing glass of grog or tankard of ale and smoke his cigar as innocently and peacefully as though he sat by his own fireside at home. We will have music both vocal and instrumental, the grand singing of the great Italian masters, ballad-singing, touching and pathetic, and funny singing that shall promote harmless mirth while it not in the least offends the most prudish ear. We will have operas; we will have ballets. Should the public voice sanction it occasionally we will have chaste acrobatic performances and feats of tumbling and jugglery; but in this last-mentioned matter we are quite in the hands of our patrons. Enjoyment pure and simple is our motto, and by it we will stand or fall.'

This, in substance, was the prospectus of the first music hall established in London, and the public expressed its approval. How the fair promises of the original promoters of the scheme were redeemed we will not discuss. Undertakings of such magnitude are sure to work uneasily at the first. It will be

fairer to regard the tree of twenty years' growth with its twenty noble branches flourishing in full foliage and melodious with the songs of the many songsters that harbour there. We cannot listen to them all at once, however sweet though the music be. Let us devote an hour to one of the said branches. Which one does not in the least matter, since no one set of songsters are confined to a branch. They fly about from one to another, and may sometimes be heard—especially the funny ones—on as many as four different boughs in the course of a single evening. Simply because it is the nearest let us take the Oxbridge, one of the most famous music halls in London, and nightly crowded.

Either we are in luck or else the talent attached to the Oxbridge is something prodigious. Almost every vocal celebrity whose name has blazoned on the advertising hoardings during the season is here to-night—the Immense Vamp, the Prodigious Podgers, the Stupendous Smuttyman, the Tremendous Titmouse, together with 'Funny' Freddys, and 'Jolly' Joey's, and 'Side-splitting' Sammys by the half-dozen. Some of these Leviathans of song were authors of what they sang, as, for instance, the Prodigious Podgers, who had recently made such a great sensation with his 'Lively Cats'-meat Man.' As I entered the splendid portals of the Oxbridge the natty 'turn-out' of Podgers, consisting of three piebald ponies in silver harness and a phaeton that must have cost a hundred and fifty guineas at least, was there in waiting, ready to whirl the popular Podgers to the Axminster as soon as the Oxbridge could possibly spare him.

The Oxbridge, as usual, was crowded, the body of the hall, the sixpenny part, by working men and their wives, with a sprinkling of 'jolly dogs' and budding beardless puppies of the same breed, whose pride and delight it is to emulate their elders. As regards the audience this is the worst that may be said of the body of the hall. It was plain at a glance to perceive

that the bulk of the people there were mostly people not accustomed to music halls, and only induced to pay them a visit on account of the highly-respectable character the music halls are in the habit of giving themselves in their placards and in the newspapers. In the stalls and the more expensive parts of the house, and before the extensive drinking bar, matters were very different. Here were congregated selections from almost every species of vice, both male and female, rampant in London. Here was the Brummagem 'swell' with his Houndsditch jewellery and his Whitechapel gentility, and the well-dressed blackguard with a pound to spend, and the poor, weak-minded wretch of the 'Champagne Charlie' school, and the professional prowler hovering about him with the full intent of plucking him if he finds the chance. As for the females of this delightful clique, it is sufficient to say that they plied their trade without the least attempt at concealment. And why should they not? who is to check them? Not the proprietor of the Oxbridge. It is a fact that he admits them without charge, seeing his interest therein. What else should take Champagne Charlie to the Oxbridge, and the host of 'swells' who order neat little suppers and recklessly fling down their sovereigns to pay for wine that in sufficient quantity would sicken a hog? Of what use is 'the body of the hall' to the proprietor? How far do paltry six-pences go towards paying Podgers his three guineas a night? What profit is there on the price charged Bill Stubbs for his pint of stout? Not but that the frequenters of the sixpenny part are very useful; indeed, to speak truth, the Oxbridge could not get on well without them. They keep up appearances, and present a substantial contradiction to the accusation that the music hall is nothing better than a haunt for drunkenness and debauchery.

'But surely,' the reader may exclaim, 'unless the company for whom the music hall was originally designed found the worth of their money they would cease to patro-

nise the place. They go for the purpose of hearing songs adapted to their taste and they are not disappointed.' I am loth to say as much in the face of the Popular Podgers and the Immense Vamp, but I should be vastly surprised if the only element of respectability frequenting the Oxbridge was not only disappointed but shocked and disgusted, and that very often. I cannot explain why, after being shocked, they should make a second attempt, except that they are lured to 'try again,' and that folks of not over sensitive mind grow used to shocks. If these music-hall songs were really written for the respectable portion of the auditory there would not be the least occasion why they should be composed almost entirely of indecency and drivel; but the fact is these are the persons whose tastes are not at all studied in preparing the evening bill of fare. The individuals the song-writer writes up to and the singer sings up to are the heedless, and abandoned, and disreputable ones who have money to squander. The proprietor knows his customers. Where would be the use of setting before a tipsy 'swell' (unless indeed he had arrived at the maudlin, in which condition he is profitable to no one) a wholesome, simple ballad? He would howl it down before the first verse was accomplished. He must have something to chime with the idiotic tone of his mind, no matter how low, how vulgar, or how defiant of propriety, and he can obtain it at the music hall. The Immense Vamp is his obedient servant, as is the Prodigious Podgers and the Tremendous Titmouse—even the 'P—of W—'s Own Comique.' Any one would think, and not unreasonably, when he sees year in and year out flaming announcements of the engagements here and there of these gentry, that there must be something in them; that, however peculiar their talent, it is such as recommends itself to something more than the passing admiration of those who witness it; but it is nothing of the kind. Take any half-dozen of the most popular of our 'comic singers'

and set them singing four of their most favourite songs each, and I will warrant that twenty out of the full number will consist of the utterest trash it is possible to conceive. It would not so much matter if the trade were harmless—not unfrequently it is most pernicious. Take a batch of these precious productions, and you will find the one theme constantly harped on: it is all about a 'young chap' and a 'young gal,' or an 'old chap' and an 'old gal,' and their exploits, more or less indecent. A prolific subject with these 'great' artists is the spooney courtship of a young man who is induced to accompany the object of his affections to her abode, and when there gets robbed and ill-used. As the Immense Vamp sings—

'I was going to go when in come a feller
And he smashed my hat with his umbrella
And blacked my eye, and didn't I bellow.'

But this peculiar line Vamp makes his own, and it is not to be wondered at that he shines therein before all others. Popular Podgers has a vein of his own, and how profitable the working of it is let the piebald ponies and the silver-mounted phaeton attest. He goes in for vocal exemplifications of low life—the lowest of all. His rendering of a Whitechapel ruffian, half costermonger half thief, filled the Oxbridge nightly for more than a month. You may see Podgers arrayed in the ruffian's rags portrayed on a music-sheet in the windows of the music-shops, and underneath is inscribed the chorus of this wonderful song:—

'I'm a *Chickerferry Bloke* with my one, two,
three,
Whitechapel is the village I was born in,
To ketch me on the hop, or on my tibby drop,
You must get up very early in the morning.'

But inasmuch as the effusions of Podgers are as a rule unintelligible except to the possessors of a slang dictionary, he is less obnoxious than others of his brethren. What these productions are need be no more than hinted to ears polite. The mischief is that the ten thousand ears unpolite are opened for the reception of the poison night after night in twenty music halls in and about London, and no one says nay.

The male singer of the music hall, however, whether he takes the shape of the impudent clown who pretends to comicality, or of the spoony sentimentalist who tenderly gushes forth such modern enchanting melodies as 'Maggie May' or 'Meet me in the Lane,' is not the most pernicious ingredient that composes in its entirety the music hall hero. Time was, when with a liberal steeping of Vamps, and Podgers, and Smuttymans, the decoction proved strong enough, but, like indulgence in other poisons, what is a sufficient dose this year is useless as water next. It was found necessary to strengthen the mixture—to make it hotter of that kind of spice most grateful to the palate of the vulgar snob with a pound to spend. To effect this, there was nothing for it but to introduce the comic female element, or, as she more modestly styles herself, the 'serio-comic.' The 'serio,' however, is not obtrusive. You seek for it in vain in the brazen pretty face, in the dress that is exactly as much too high as it is too low, in the singer's gestures, looks, and bold advances. Decent men who, misled by placards and newspaper advertisements, take their wives and daughters to the Oxbridge or the Axminster, may, as they listen, tingle in shame at the blunder they have committed; but the dashing, piquant, saucy delineator of 'What Jolly Gals are we' has the ears and the yelling admir-

ation of the brainless snobs and puppies before alluded to, and the mad noises they make, demanding a repetition of the detestable ditty, quite drown the feeble hisses of remonstrance the decent portion of the auditory may venture to utter. Some time since, during the theatre and music hall controversy, a worthy London magistrate announced from his judicial bench that on the evening previous he had visited one of the most popular of the halls, and found everything creditable, and discreet, and decorous: a pretty penny it must afterwards have cost somebody for champagne, to pacify the patron snobs and puppies for depriving them of their evening's amusement.

But—and it is alarming to remark it—even the indecent, impudent 'serio-comic' female, who, going the full length of the tether allowed her, might have been supposed equal to all demands, is palling on the palate of the Oxbridge habitué. He must have something even more exhilarating; and, ever ready to oblige, the music hall proprietor rigs up a trapeze, and bribes some brazen, shameless woman to attire in man's clothes, and go through the ordinary performances of a male acrobat. Rivalling the new idea, a South London music hall proprietor is advertising the 'Sensational Can-can, exactly as in France.' What is the next novelty in preparation?

JAMES GREENWOOD.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHRIST CHURCH DAYS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

MRS. MILD MAY, the lady from Etty's, asked Arabella if she would like to go to the Italian Opera. Arabella had never been there.

Mrs. Mildmay suggested that as their evenings were very dull just then, Waldegrave being on circuit, it would not be a bad notion that they should get tickets. They could

very well go together to the pit. It was really like an open drawing-room. It would not be absolutely necessary that they should have a gentleman with them, and it would not cost much money.

That night at the Opera was like the breaking of a new world upon Arabella's vision. It was her first

opera, and the opera was 'Don Giovanni.' She was almost delirious when Patti sang the 'Batti, batti.' Ah, surely we have not for ever lost sight of that incomparable Zerlina! Many a lorgnette was levelled at the handsome Arabella, but in the excitement of the scene she was altogether oblivious of the admiration.

It so happened that Mrs. Mildmay, as she entered the house some days afterwards, was astonished by a burst of rich music that flooded the rooms. She listened. The words were indistinguishable, but the air was given with extraordinary force, sweetness, and correctness. The voice was a rich soprano. It was the music of 'Don Giovanni.' Arabella started and coloured as Mrs. Mildmay entered.

'Oh! Mrs. Mildmay, you have caught me. I did not want you to hear my nonsense and jumble.'

'My dear, you were singing beautifully. But what were the words?'

'The words were merely nonsense of my own. Stray lines and snatches. But you must know that I could hardly sleep all night after hearing that opera. If I closed my eyes there was always Elvira or Zerlina before me, and the music went through and through my heart. I said to myself that I really thought my voice, which is naturally very strong, could even reach some of Patti's higher notes. Her voice is not so particularly high, Mrs. Mildmay. And I have been trying all the morning to sing her music from ear and recollection.'

'But you should have the proper words. I have them with me,' answered Mrs. Mildmay, producing a roll of music.

'They are Italian,' said Arabella, dolefully. 'Now Italian, like any other language, was closed to this proletarian lady.'

'Italian is the easiest language in the world, Mrs. Waldegrave. Let me read these few lines over to you.'

Arabella caught up the musical pronunciation at once. She soon sang Zerlina's music extremely well. Mrs. Mildmay was a sensible, well-bred woman, not caring to earn her

pay as an indolent companion, but seeking to do her charge substantial good. She had despaired of giving her any systematic instruction, but might approach her on the side of this dormant taste and these discovered capabilities. To her annoyance—as it would be to the annoyance of any true musician—Arabella gave up any attempt to read music. But she sang charmingly by ear. She was delighted to find herself able to manage the Italian pronunciation correctly, and Mrs. Mildmay led her on to make some acquaintance with the language.

Arabella now often went to the Opera. Waldegrave kept his wife pretty liberally supplied with money, and she did not know that it often cost him a considerable effort to do so. Once or twice Mrs. Mildmay brought her tickets which had been given her by a musician connected with the Opera. Covent Garden Theatre was to be a turning-point in Arabella's history. It happened this way:—

One night she had gone to a performance of 'Les Huguenots.' She took up the opera-glass and swept the tiers of boxes. There were many women splendidly dressed, many splendidly handsome. Arabella had a genuine admiration for the beautiful of her own sex, as well as for the beautiful plumage in which they gloried. But suddenly casting up her eyes at a private box, she discovered her husband standing in the rear behind a lady and an elderly gentleman.

Arabella had had a letter from her husband only that very morning. It was dated from Clyston. He was then on circuit. He had enclosed her a cheque, and had stated that he should be kept away in the country for three weeks longer. And now he was in London. All sorts of suspicions crowded into Arabella's mind. Perhaps he had never left London. She had heard of cases where men had left their wives for years, and were all the time residing in the next street. Who was the lady with whom he was thus familiar? Instinctively she took care to shade her face that it

might not come within the range of her husband's glances. Once she stole a hurried look at him. The old gentleman had left the box. Waldegrave was sitting alone with his pretty companion in its front. He was so much taken up with her that there was little danger of his standing up to look about the house. He was evidently charmed and engrossed by the companionship. It was not one of his sisters. She had his sisters' photographs, and there was not one like this. Besides a man must indeed be a model brother to be so extraordinarily attentive to his sister. John Waldegrave was flirting, flirting very hard. Every feeling of jealousy, suspicion, and resentment was aroused in the bosom of the slighted wife. Keeping herself in the shade and in the rear as much as she could, she kept watch upon her errant mate. And she was nearly driven wild. She managed to see this handsome, clever-looking girl leaning upon an arm where she could possibly have no proprietary, and pacing the large saloon, and walking in the gallery behind the boxes. She saw with what knightly devotion he brought her ices and lemonade. She saw with what attention and gallantry he adjusted her cloak, helped her with her wraps, and assisted her into a dark private brougham. In the intensity of her anger—and there was now a real pain at her heart—she had not cared to bear in mind that though the box at times only contained these two, yet for the most of this time there certainly was the elderly gentleman present, who, however, played propriety in an exquisite way, leaving the young people almost entirely to themselves. He appeared to go to sleep during the performance, and subsided into brandy and soda in the saloon. But as the brougham drove off Arabella fancied to herself in her jealous mind that she saw her husband's arm carelessly flung around the girl, as he took his seat behind her in the carriage. It was impossible that she could really have seen it, but if her eyes had been clairvoyant, I am afraid she

might have beheld something of the kind. John was flirting desperately hard with Miss Dempster that night.

When they came home Arabella was trembling with grief and passion. She was absolutely uncontrollable, and Mrs. Mildmay was in the highest degree alarmed.

'Mrs. Mildmay, I *hate* that man. I will never see him again. I will never see him any more. I will never touch his money or wear his jewels any more. I will leave him for ever, leave him this very night.'

'My child,' said Mrs. Mildmay, who had participated in the story of Arabella's wrongs, 'he has treated you abominably. But what can you do? What can a weak, defenceless woman ever do in such cases?'

'Do! I'll show him what I'll do, the wretch, the unmanly brute, the wicked man! I'll find out who that lady was. I'll expose him at his club. I'll lie in wait for him at his chambers. I'll—' But here my dear Mrs. Waldegrave was stopped by a storm of sobs.

'Mrs. Mildmay, let me come with you. I will not stop here. I'll fling myself in the Regent's Park Canal first. I'll turn housemaid, or dressmaker, or sing at a music hall, or do anything to get away from that wretch. Surely I can do something to get a honest living for myself somehow.'

'With your cleverness and your fine voice, my dear, you're sure to get your living, and make yourself independent,' said Mrs. Mildmay, soothingly.

Then Mrs. Waldegrave seized paper and ink, and wrote some lines to her husband.

'You call yourself, sir, a Married Bachelor. Let me tell you that I am an unmarried wife. You think fit to amuse yourself with another at the Opera. You best know on what footing you are with her. I shall just take the same liberty of action as you take yourself. I don't know what's going to become of me. I only know that you have broken my heart. I hate you, and you shall never see me again.'

Mrs. Mildmay took her friend home with her, thinking that she would be able to induce her to return in the morning.

But Arabella Waldegrave never went back again to the villa in St. John's Wood.

So ended for the present the evenings at the Italian Opera.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUNDERED LIVES.

We have just left Mrs. Waldegrave in a fit of righteous indignation against her delinquent husband. But in reality John's conduct, though bad, was not so bad as she thought. His presence in London was accidental, and only for that evening. Dempster and Dyster had given him a heavy brief, and he had gone up to town to discuss some matters with Mr. Dempster. He was really anxious to do his best, for this was the first important case in which he had been prominently engaged. A little dinner had been made up to him, and this box at the Opera taken at Mitchell's. Then Mr. Waldegrave having duly combined pleasure and business, returned back to the circuit, little thinking that he had applied a match to a train which was to issue in an explosion.

Indeed Mr. Waldegrave was now beginning to pay great attention to his profession. Keen lawyers began to see that his straightforward way of grappling with an argument, his quiet, gentlemanly demeanour with witnesses, and his grave earnest way in speaking, though very much wanting in many barristerial arts, succeeded very well with a judge, and would do very well for a special jury. Old Bramford again said words of praise, which in due course were delightful to the father and to Mr. Dempster. There were knowing persons who said that John's quiet, heavy manner was capable of being exchanged for something much more fiery and impassioned. I think Arabella would have said so. She was amazed to see how her cool and gentlemanly husband was capable of getting into a very violent

passion. Fortunately passion does not run in grooves, and is capable of being converted into more profitable channels than domestic jars. There was the making of a great advocate in John Waldegrave, and he was at least to show signs of this though a complete proof might never be given.

There had been a murder committed in Clyshire. It was a tale of love, passion, and revenge. The wretched woman who had committed it was lying in Clyston gaol to take her trial. Waldegrave had read the case, which had many features of local interest for him. He had not a notion that he would be called upon to do anything in relation to it. But as he was sitting in the Crown Court the prisoner was called up to plead, and she of course pleaded *Not Guilty*. It appeared that she was undefended; and old Bramford, who was again taking the circuit, and never missed a chance of doing so, asked if some counsel would watch the case, and undertake to defend her. Here the prisoner put in a request that Mr. Waldegrave would defend her. The young man was astonished that such a request should be made for the services of a junior almost unknown and untried. It seemed to him probable that she had come from his father's part of the country, and had confounded his father's eminence with his own want of it. The judge told Waldegrave that he should be very gratified if he would undertake it, and with kind, encouraging words pressed him to do so. Waldegrave agreed. He saw that an opportunity was come, and that he might be enabled to distinguish himself. The many claims upon him urged him to exertion. He almost fancied that Arabella's hand was upon his arm to encourage him, and that there might be some coming babe whose 'crying was a cry for gold.' He asked for a postponement for a day, and then, taking the papers home, he studied them very quietly and attentively till nightfall.

Then resting from his exertions, he sallied out into the open air, which refreshed him wonderfully, and gave its own elasticity to intel-

lect and spirit. He walked up and down the streets, and paced the Cathedral Close, and made incursions along the lane, resting for a few minutes on that bridge over the Clyst which had been his trysting-spot with Arabella. The shower of moonlight was bathing the cathedral in silvery sheen, and the moonlight recalled Arabella. He passed by the shop of the unconscious saddler, who was little dreaming that this passer-by could very speedily reveal to him all the rights about that matter which was so mystifying him. This, too, recalled Arabella. He was in a gentle mood that night. He remembered his wife in her beauty, her trustfulness, and all her best moods. I think that murder case had made him grave. It was a case in which there had been jealousy and quarrels, angry words and oaths—all this might make part of the little history which belonged to himself—and then came violence, unbridled passion, and wilful murder. For a moment Waldegrave thought himself standing on the verge of an immeasurable abyss. He saw before him the dire possibilities to which human passions and weakness might come. He hurriedly put these thoughts aside, and addressed himself to his brief. He arranged exactly the line of defence which he should take, the kind of questions which he ought to put, the kind of speech which he ought to make.

For a moment a sensation of strangeness came over him that night. He remembered how, when he first saw Arabella, it was the Assizes; there was a case of murder; there had been the cathedral service, and he had heard that day the echoes of the resplendent music as there before. It almost seemed that old circumstances had exactly revived; that the wheels of time stood still; that the past was all a dream, and had never been. If he had disappeared from the world this cycle of events would have repeated themselves; and long after he should be called away the same unwearied round of daily incidents and vulgar events would be renewed.

It is not our purpose to go into

the history of Waldegrave's first murder case. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, for he was now almost forgetting his personal interests in the awful issues of life and death which might be depending on his actions. The evidence was very much against his client. On the showing of the facts the jury could hardly have any other alternative than to find her guilty. But it was possible that an ingenious theory might be constructed, in strict keeping with the facts that could not be disputed, in favour of the prisoner's innocence, and that the theory might be accepted. Unfortunately juries have a preference for downright evidence, and distrust ingenious theories. It would therefore be necessary to give as much *vraisemblance* as possible to his theory, and to work on the feelings of the jury by the most pathetic eloquence he could command. And Waldegrave succeeded admirably. He seemed to be almost carried beyond himself. It was the first time that he had had the entire management of a case. He had no junior, and everything rested with himself. His questioning was most adroit; he put some legal points with a subtlety and skill that both pleased and surprised the judge; and he dexterously and cautiously aided his line of defence so as to blunt the weapons of the opposing counsel. But it was when he arose to address the jury that the real stress of the case came, and he was chiefly anxious to do well. His speech occupied three hours. Such a physical effort alone was such as he could have never anticipated as coming within the range of his powers. For minute analysis of the evidence, some maulery, and also some scathing invective—for an ingenious theory, most dexterously supported in every particular—for pathetic eloquence—for a fervid appeal which might make even the strongest-minded juryman pause before he sent a fellow-creature to the gallows—perhaps Waldegrave's oration was the finest ever heard within that Assize court. The effect was electric. Even the calm summing-up of the judge, which so often

tears aside the flimsy subtleties of counsel, was unable to do away with its effect. The jury wavered for a time, and eventually returned a verdict of acquittal. The applause, which had been with difficulty suppressed when Waldegrave had resumed his seat, was uncontrolled when the issue of the trial was known. Several briefs were offered to him upon the spot. The judge himself warmly congratulated him. The great Countess of the county, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, begged to be introduced to him, and carried him off that very night to the Castle. The only drawback to Waldegrave's felicity was that in his own mind he had no manner of doubt that his interesting client was guilty, and richly deserved to be hung.

In the mean time where was Arabella? Stedfast to her stern purpose, she had gone to Mrs. Mildmay's abode, a mild, remote abode situated somewhere in the Irlingtonian wilds. Arabella was about to try the interesting problem how far a young woman in London, without connection or special training, was capable of earning her own bread and butter. I do not know that her career really shed much light upon the problem, as she had accidentally developed for herself a kind of training and a kind of connection. Mention has been made of an *employé* in the Italian Opera, a friend of Mrs. Mildmay's. This man's name was Donati, and he was a kinsman to a family of Donatis at Liverpool. Now it happened at this time that there were a set of worthy men in Liverpool who had just hit upon the idea that they would have a series of Saturday-night Concerts for the Million. They were searching out musical talent 'of the highest power of genius and of unparalleled quality,' which was nevertheless to be produced as cheap as possible. The Donati in London reported to the Donati in Liverpool that he was acquainted with a young lady of very great personal attractions and a superb contralto voice, who was sure to make the concerts succeed. Then some London agents of the Liverpool people

gave the young lady a trial, and were highly satisfied with her performances. Then Arabella was engaged to sing two songs every Saturday night, for the modest payment, which, however, seemed almost a fortune to her, of two guineas a week and her expenses down to Liverpool. The Donatis, eminently respectable people, offered to receive her as a boarder; and this arrangement precisely suited Arabella. She assumed to herself the professional name of Roselle.

The circuit was over, and, with more than a hundred of first, sweet, hardly-earned guineas, Waldegrave returned to town. As he journeyed up to town, almost unconsciously, almost to his annoyance, his thoughts were very much upon his wife. Would she not praise him for the praise he had obtained—rejoice in his success? Might there not come a time when heart would be so linked with heart, intellect with intellect, that the most sentimental dream of marriage union might after all be realized. He was beginning to own to himself that his theory of the married bachelor state, however ingenious in theory, did not practically work well. Marriage can never be a mere incident or byplay in a man's life. John was beginning to realize all this, and was thinking that he would try with all his might to make the best of an unalterable condition of things. He had much generosity of feeling, and was prepared to clasp his wife to heart once more, and let bygones be bygones. So, actually fond and eager, he selected the fleetest-looking horse he could see, and from Paddington Station drove away to the little villa in St. John's Wood.

But when he reached his home and found it solitary and deserted, the dust thickly gathered in the vacant rooms, his wife's dresses and ornaments tossed recklessly about in their bedchamber, that angry, contemptuous letter hurriedly directed to him, he was pierced through with a strange sorrow and bitter apprehension. What could have become of Arabella? Where and how could she live? Could

she, driven to this desperate state of mind, do any desperate act? Was it possible—and here his teeth were tightly clenched—that any one had allured her from her nest? The strong man veiled his face, and scorching, blinding tears, such as he had never known before, came to his eyes—his first tears since the days of childhood.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND COLUMN IN THE TIMES.

On a certain day there appeared a certain advertisement in the sensational column of the 'Times.'

'Arabella Cracrost, late of Clyston, and supposed to be now in some house of business in London, is requested to call at Messrs. Francillon, No. — Gray's Inn. An important communication, much to her advantage, will be made to her.'

These words at once caught the eyes of Arabella Waldegrave. Her husband saw them too, but not for several weeks afterwards.

Arabella never doubted for a moment but her husband had put this advertisement in the 'Times.' Her heart bounded as she read the lines. Once or twice the dark thought had crossed her mind that her husband might have assigned her cause of elopement to some old love affair, and have thought her a wicked woman. But she never gave shape to such a thought. She was so safe in the knowledge of her innocence, and her husband's conviction of it, that she never gave the thought distinct shape. But she was none the less glad to see the advertisement. It satisfied her mind that he was, in one way, satisfied.

'Yes,' she thought, 'he knows me too well to think that, however ill he may behave, I will disgrace him. He thinks that I have turned shop-girl, or have gone into some place of business. His pride does not like that. He thinks that he will make me some annual allowance, and get rid of me that way. No, sir; that is not in the least degree necessary now. Thank my old angel, I am quite independent

VOL. XIV.—NO. LXXXIV.

of your contemptuous generosity. The poor singing girl will leave the fine club gentleman—the barrister—the member of parliament (Arabella made this illogical statement because John's father was a member), to get all the luxury he can, and wishes him joy of it, and earn her living for herself.' Thus ejaculated Arabella, like a virtuous peasant girl in some highly melodramatic piece.

Yet she found herself shedding many tears—those humanizing, civilizing tears which melt fierce natures into tender moods.

Miss Roselle ought to be happy. She was as independent as such an independent young lady could wish to be. She earned her two guineas a week easily, by her two songs, and was told that she could easily obtain a better engagement. She attracted a great deal of attention and admiration. Young gentlemen tried hard to get into the little room in the rear of the concert-hall, which served as a green-room; and when they were connected with the managers they succeeded. One or two of the managers called, and sent their wives to call, and they took much interest in the pretty, well-mannered young lady. She went to little evening parties, and little excursions to remarkable places in the neighbourhood were got up for her. Her public reception was a most gratifying success. In her encores she always gave some popular melody—'Coming through the Rye,' 'Last Rose of Summer,' that was the kind of thing which especially pleased the Million at the Saturday Night Concerts; but otherwise she was true to the music of the Italian opera. She was fast adding many pieces to what had been her narrow repertory. The Donatini got her plenty of Italian music, and a real live Italian to teach it to her—an Italian, urbano and eloquent, as they all are, but *elderly*. The Roselle's friends did propriety for her with the most proper care. The Italian teacher easily induced her to go into the language and literature, and, having the whole week thrown on her hands, she was really glad to do so. Also the Donatini uncon-

sciously did her another essential service. They told Arabella—I think not without some truth—that she had the making of a real tragic actress in her. They enlarged eloquently on all the social and substantial glories that waited on the successful tragic actress. Mr. Donati advised her to begin with Ophelia. That was the easiest and most touching part for a commencing tragedienne. After that she might go on to Desdemona, or even Lady Macbeth if she chose. Then Arabella became an eager student of Shakespeare. The historical plays certainly cost her a great deal of trouble, but with the help of some history she got over those historical troubles. Oh, wonderful Shakespeare! next to the Bible, what a teaching and educating power it has! I really think that the 'Taming of the Shrew' taught the Roselle some great moral lessons. Without in the least knowing it, Arabella was really going through an education of a very special and powerful kind. This thorough musical training, this insight into language and literature, this study of Shakespearian character, this open, prominent position, and the sense of power which accompanied it, were all like the riches of an eastern sun in eliciting the deep-buried treasures of her mind. She was really going through a better course of education than any which John Waldegrave could have devised. The education of a child suits a child; but a woman's heart and mind must be moulded by another set of influences. How many of the noblest and greatest heroines of history have been utterly devoid of education in any modern or technical sense!

And yet Arabella found herself at times almost yearning towards her husband. There was, after all, a true wifely nature in the young woman. How true is that text: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall bear rule over thee.' What was this glow of popularity, this repetition of compliment, compared to those early happy days when she could rest her hands in John's, or draw him to her bosom? A woman's truest instincts lie within

the narrow limits of her home. She began to own to herself at times how foolishly and recklessly she had acted in regard to her own interests and happiness and that of her husband. She bought a few of the books which her husband had once given her, but which she had disdainfully left behind. She was astonished to find that some of them gave her exceeding delight. If only her husband had been true to her she could have forgiven all else. But nothing could justify or extenuate his conduct. It was now all over between them for ever. She only wished that she could return him his liberty again. As for his advertisement to her, she trampled the 'Times' beneath her feet in a way which reflected considerable credit on her histrionic powers: it should be to her as though she had never seen it.

Nevertheless, she found herself writing to her friend Mrs. Mildmay to ask her to call on the lawyers in Gray's Inn, to be most cautious in her inquiries, and to reveal nothing of the assumed name and present residence, and to find out what her husband's wishes were.

More than a week elapsed before she received an answer from Mrs. Mildmay. She began by saying that her letter contained news which would astonish her very much. In the first place, the advertisement had never proceeded from her husband, of whom she had no news to tell.

Here Arabella dropped the letter with astonishment. A thrill of disappointment passed through her heart. Then she took it up again, greatly speculating, and read:

'I called on these gentlemen, the Messrs. Francillon. There was a great deal of unpleasantness and some little fencing with them. Was I any relation to Miss Arabella Cracroft? No. Was I a very old friend? Not a very old friend. I told them that Arabella Cracroft was Arabella Cracroft no longer, as they were probably aware, thinking, my dear, that they were advertising on account of your husband. I saw this was not the case, as they were very anxious to know his name and

address. Could I furnish them with a copy of the marriage certificate? Could I give proof of the identity of this married lady with Arabella Cracroft? Remembering your peculiar relations with your husband, I told them that I could not at present give your name, but on your behalf I must ask them what your business with them might be. They said they could best explain that to you, and that it was absolutely necessary that they should see you. I said that was quite impossible for the present, and I did not know when it might be possible. They then wished me good-morning, but at the same time they told a clerk to take down my name and address.

'I was quite unable to see their drift, and intended writing to you, but delayed doing so, not thinking the matter of much importance. Last night, however, I had a letter from them desiring me to call. When I came, they said that they should state unreservedly the circumstances under which they had issued their advertisement, begging me to put myself into communication with you without delay. They had done so in reference to the will of your father, Giovanni Cracroft. The Christian name is explained by the fact that your father was, on the mother's side, half an Italian. This fact may have had something to do with the rather odd character of the will, though Mr. Francillon assured me that the will was not, after all, of such a very unusual character. It recited that he and your mother, who afterwards became Mrs. Gibson, did not live together on happy terms. He says some terribly severe things of her in his will. He seems, however, to be of a peculiar turn, dreamy and imaginative; and perhaps your mother's only fault was that she was rather too practical and coarse for him. He seems to have had a good deal of property; but your mother was married so young that she did not know the details of it, and he was not very communicative with her. He determined to punish her, rightly or wrongly, in his will. "And since my wife Johanna has never acted

the part of a true and loving wife by me, but has systematically opposed and frustrated my wishes, and has always pursued her own will and way, and her thoughts and affections are always with her own people and never in her own home, I depose her from the place which she would otherwise have in my heart and my intentions, and leave her just as much as will maintain her in the same sort of style as she was accustomed to before she married me." He then left her fifty pounds a year; to be paid her on your account during your lifetime until you arrived at the age of twenty-three, which he fixed for your majority. At this time they were living in the Isle of Wight near the sea. He directed that the property should accumulate during your minority, and that the furnished house should be kept in due repair. Mr. Francillon, the lawyer and trustee, had always let the house, and latterly he has enlarged and improved it and put it in excellent order. It appears that your mother was not in the least cut up by your father's valedictory remarks in his will. Liberty and fifty pounds a year formed an agreeable release to her from her mate. It appears that she wandered about from one town to another, and in time ceased to have any distinct recollection of business matters, beyond always applying for her allowance, and receiving a great deal of flattery and attention from young men, as she was still young and very pretty. Finally, after a good deal of wandering about, she married this man Gibson, and had a lot of children. Her interest in her elder child seems to have given way in favour of her younger children. She took it for granted that you were not pleased with your home, but entered some house of business in London, probably on account of some love-affair. When Mr. Francillon, two months ago, inquired after you, she was in great consternation, fearing that the fifty pounds a year might be withdrawn. So it will be; but Mr. Francillon says that you will come into about nine hundred a year in land and the

funds, and your mother naturally expects that she will at least be no loser. So, Arabella, you had better come up to town immediately and make all your arrangements. I congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart, on your splendid fortune, which will make you altogether independent of your worthless husband.'

'But was that husband altogether worthless?' thought Arabella to herself.

She came to London, bringing her music engagement to a close, though with deep regret on the part of the enterprising manager, and was soon immersed in business and the delightful task of taking possession. Her relation with her husband was a source of great anxiety to Mr. Francillon, the solicitor. He wished that if the husband was a worthless man, his pretty client, though at some sacrifice, should be separated from him by a definite legal arrangement, and that if it was merely some pique, that they should come together again. Mr. Francillon was one of those lawyers—of whom there are not too many in this world—who do their best to allay quarrels and disquiet.

And one day Mr. Francillon got a letter, very brief, and asking whether he had succeeded in finding Arabella Cracraft or not according to the terms of his advertisement, and if he had, would he be so good as to tell that lady that her husband was lying very ill at a specified place, and would she go and see him.

Arabella cut short the conflict in her own mind by going at once.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

When Nature designs to make a great orator, one who shall excel on the platform, at the bar, and in the senate, what is the first and most indispensable thing that Nature has to do? It is not to give him wit and wisdom, force and fancy, vehement feelings and mastery over emotions, but to give him a broad chest and sound lungs. It is the

physique, after all, that does it. Just as brute force is the supreme ultimate arbiter in all controversies, so in all intellectual matters brute organization, after all, has an immense deal to do with it.

Now John Waldegrave did not possess, what all our great orators do, a broad chest and strong lungs. He felt the effects of that great effort of his for months afterwards. Consequently he might have gathered that Dame Nature was giving him a shrewd hint that he was meant for domestic rather than public life. For some time he tried to persuade himself that his wound did not hurt. He enjoyed himself at his club and in his chambers. If this girl chose to go to the dogs, why, to the dogs she must go. But he, nevertheless, found himself with feverish anxiety endeavouring to find out some trace of her proceedings. He considered—not unjustly I think—that on the whole his wife had not acted well and wisely by him. Now in these feverish walkings he contrived to get very wet, and because this walk was of a feverish kind, this common accident gave him pneumonia. That curious connection between body and mind is puzzling enough. I believe that if John had been happy the wet would have done him no harm, but being unhappy it gave him inflammation of the lungs.

So he was laid up in his rooms in London, very bad at first, but getting better afterwards. But the doctors told him that he must be content to give up public speaking for a year; that his chest would always be delicate; and that he must take care of himself and go to the coast for the winter. So the sick man lay and pondered. I am not sure that the value of sick-bed cogitations is not sometimes exaggerated. Men are then physically weak, and the element of weakness runs through their thoughts; their view of life is a half view. But as we are often so utterly and hopelessly secular, at some times a season like this is wanted to restore the disturbed balance. And now he began to think all kind of things of his poor wife. Had he really made

the best of things? Would he have wished that she should quite have conducted herself with other men as he had conducted himself with other women? Might it not be in the mingled web of human destiny that their lots had been thrown together that he might do for her and she for him what might otherwise be left undone? Had he not made her every religious vow that he would cleave to and care for her? and would not God cleave to and care for him as he for her? Might he not trust, at last, to the long sure processes of time, and might there not be at the last a deepest, tenderest, most touching love, in that love that only fully ripens late, and grows purest and best towards the end?

Then he mused, feeling himself indeed a Married Bachelor—married in the eye of the law, but on this sick-bed, in cold lonely celibacy. That life of freedom which he had sought to carry out for himself did not seem to be so desirable now. And one day, a short time after he had despatched a note to Mr. Franchon about the advertisement in the 'Times,' he was lying half-dozing on the sofa when he became aware of a light footstep, a light voice in the room. Slowly, dreamily unclosing his eyes, he saw before him his wife almost as an angel in her bright attire and eloquent face. She hung her head, and crept up, fondly, pleadingly to his side, and kissed his hands and his eyes, and laid her head upon his bosom. And then the old love came back, and he drew her to his heart.

'And so the doctor says, dearest, that you must go to the sea-side?'

He told her 'Yes,' and that he

should leave for ever these bachelor-rooms, and somewhere or other they would find a little nest and home for themselves.

And then she told him of their own pleasant home in the south, where the mild sea broke on the level sands, where the luxuriant growth of bosque was trained up against the columned rocks, where their windows looked through myrtles and roses on the south and westward waters, where she had already taken his books and pictures and everything he prized in this little villa, and where she was to read and write for him, and sing to him, and nurse him till he was well and strong!

So she said; and John Waldegrave, listening, almost wondered at the deeper tones in her voice, the deeper meaning in her eye, the deeper earnestness of her love. He went down to the Isle of Wight, and grew well and strong; and he yet hopes to do great things, if only for the sake of the wife who animates and sustains him. He renounced his bachelorhood and became a married—I may say, a very married man, particularly when his little girl made her appearance. When he first declared his marriage there was a considerable confusion in the public mind on the subject of dates, especially as little Barborough had come back and was telling all sorts of stories at the Octagon. Miss Dempster always declared that John Waldegrave had treated her very badly; and, with all our sympathy for John, we are afraid that Miss Dempster was in the right.

WEALTHY DESOLATION.

'If your estate be dreary—what then? Your gains be great.'—*Old Play.*

THESE words at first sight hardly appear compatible, because we all know, or generally, at least, are led to suppose, that everything in the shape of wealth is the natural enemy to desolation, or anything at all approaching it. This is the

commonly received opinion; and yet how many there are who, with every luxury at command, from some one small single cause, often wholly imaginary, are the most wretched and desolate of God's creatures! The cause of all his

fancied misery ought surely not to be attributed to the fact of the sufferer happening to be wealthy, and possessing the good things of this life ;—this would be altogether too absurd and unjust—the real misfortune lies within. We frequently meet with people whose minds, tempers, and dispositions are so utterly perverted and distorted that neither wealth, nor name, nor position—nothing, in fact, that this world can give—will ever make them contented or happy, and who seem pre-determined to be never otherwise than desolate and miserable, and, like poor honest Mark Tapley, to be 'always a-suffering.'

It is not, however, of the desolation of the heart or mind of man that I propose to speak, but of the face of nature—of a desolation and a wealth co-existing together in a remarkable degree side by side, close to a thickly-populated district, and almost within hail of the mighty metropolis of the world—the so-called centre of civilization—London; but yet as complete a *terra incognita* to the denizens of this modern Babylon as the hidden interior of an African desert, or the inmost recesses of a Turkish harem. This may appear a bold assertion; but let me ask with great respect, is there one person in twenty, even in this age of high-pressure education, who has ever heard of Foulness Island? Or even allowing that extreme possibility, can he tell where it is situated, off hand, 'out of his own head,' as we used to say at school? Not he, indeed, depend on it.

In order, therefore, to enlighten the public on a subject so utterly unknown, and yet possessing considerable interest in itself, we will just say that if any one will take the trouble to look at the map of Essex he will there see that, on its south-eastern coast, beyond the mouth of the Thames, lie several islands, divided from each other by rivers or creeks, and mostly bounded on their south sides by the open ocean. Some of these islands contain but two or three small houses, and consequently but very few inhabitants; but this is not the case with the

one of which I am about more particularly to speak, which is the largest, and rejoices in the uninviting name already mentioned of Foulness, anciently written Fughel Nese ('sea-fowl promontory'), and probably so named from the quantities of sea-fowl that used formerly to frequent its shores. As I am not writing a geographical treatise, I will not presume to bore my readers with the greatest of all bores—statistics. Can anything be more disturbing, on sitting down to seek a few minutes' relaxation in a quiet read, than to find an awful array of figures hurled in your face? Statistics are, like pigs and children, all very well—in their place. I will therefore merely mention that this curious island is irregular in shape, its south side lying on the sea, its north on the river Crouch, and its west bounded by the river Roach and Shelford Creek. It is about five miles long by three broad, contains over 28,500 acres, and is as flat as a dining-table, its level being situated *below* high-water mark. The inroads of the sea are prevented by a stout 'sea wall,' or rampart of earth, the original building of which is supposed to date from the most remote antiquity. A similar defence (and of like antiquity) against the uninvited, and therefore most unwelcome visits of Father Thames, extends for many miles up the Essex side of the river; and to show the vast importance and utility of these defences, I may here state that it was the breaking of this wall in 1707 at Dagenham that occasioned the formation of the well-known lake of that name. Many useless and blundering attempts were made by the government of that day, at a great expense, to repair this breach by sinking old ships and otherwise; and so much valuable time was thus wasted, that the Thames had it all his own way for a period of nearly eight years, flooding and ruining the adjacent lands in a fearful manner to the extent of nearly a thousand acres, until Captain Perry, after five years' work, finally succeeded in driving out the foe by driving in piles across the breach from each side. Though

the waters were very greatly reduced, they were never finally got rid of, as the existing lake at present testifies. Verily, civil engineering was at a low ebb indeed in England a hundred and fifty years ago, and the ready and energetic Captain Perry may well be classed by Smiles as one of the earliest heroes of that attractive profession.

The necessity and importance of keeping these stout earthen ramparts in thorough repair must at once be evident, as the entire safety of the low-lying lands within depends on the power and capability of these sea walls to resist the force of the in-flow of the tide. In the island in question, surrounded as it is on all sides by tidal waters, and exposed to the full violence of the gales of autumn and winter, the greatest possible care and attention is bestowed on the protecting sea wall, which is constantly the subject of minute inspection. The entire wealth and employment of the inhabitants arise from the bountiful crops of grain of almost every kind which the rich and generous soil so readily produces, and which, but for the defending safeguard of the 'wall,' might be submerged and totally destroyed in a single stormy night. Trade or manufacture of any kind there is none, and the island can boast but a couple of small inns and a shop or two, and a large spreading tree would be looked upon almost as a curiosity. Indeed, the sole inhabitants consist of three or four large farmers, about a score of 'lookers'—the Essex term for 'overlooker,' otherwise 'farm bailiff'—a number of agricultural labourers, and a very small sprinkling of fishermen. By comparing the returns of 1851 with those of 1861, the very little progress made by the islanders is shown in a remarkable degree. In 1851 there were 109 inhabited houses, and a population of 640; in 1861 there appeared to be exactly the same number of houses, with the addition of two in the course of erection, the population at that period being 681, showing an increase of only 41 souls and 3 new houses in the space of ten years.

Formerly the islanders were in-

veterate and incorrigible smugglers; but the 'art' is now wholly unknown, and has not even been attempted for some considerable time past, owing, perhaps, to the close supervision and extreme vigilance of the coast-guard, who, day and night, are ever on the watch, and who should certainly take 'Non dormit custodit' for their motto. The worthy Foulnessites in these degenerate days never get a chance of following their old trade for which they were once so celebrated; and in the memory of many persons still living the amount of business done in this way was something prodigious. The 'running' of cargoes, and disposing of the 'tubs' afterwards constituted an important item in the regular work of the inhabitants, who all, more or less, at one period or another, played a little at this old-fashioned and dangerous, but always popular and exciting game.

The houses and cottages are scattered about hither and thither, just as it happens, for villages there are none, and as a consequence, no such luxury as a decent road exists anywhere—nothing but villainous waggon tracks, often wholly impassable from the depth of the wheel ruts, so that locomotion in winter is so wearisome and tedious that it becomes almost an impossibility; then, indeed, King Mud reigneth supreme. It is mud without (on the sands), and mud within (in the island); and such mud too: its depth and tenacity would make even a Londoner stare, especially if asked to walk through it for any distance in a pair of heavy water-tight jack boots. It is only of late years that there has been anything at all worthy to be called a church, which, with its neat-looking parsonage-house adjoining, forms the only really pretty or striking object in the whole area of the island.

The present tasteful structure, built of stone about seventeen years ago, stands on the site of the former wooden edifice, the original early foundation of which dates back as far as the year 1386, and is due to the charity and piety of Joane, Countess of Hereford, because, as it

is somewhat quaintly stated, 'the inhabitants could not always resort to their proper parish churches of Wakering, Rochford, Shopland, &c., by reason of the great swelling of the waters,' or, we might perhaps be permitted very humbly to add, by reason of the prodigious distance of the said parish churches, the nearest being at least seven, and the farthest over ten miles distant. A walk to church, there and back, of some fourteen miles, partly on wet sands, and through dangerous creeks, is rather a stiff job for a Sunday morning's duty; and I should very much fear that the sturdy islanders were not, in those 'good old times,' very striking examples of regular or punctual attendance in their prescribed religious and theological duties.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact of all, in reference to the present condition of the island, has yet to be stated. Incredible as it may appear, there is here no daily post! The letters are *fetched*, thrice a week only, from the nearest post-office, situated at the village of Great Wakering, on the mainland, about seven miles off. Even this is but a recent introduction: formerly even a post-office had no existence in the island. And yet this is within sixty miles of London, not ten from Southend railway station, and almost within sight of the great 'School of Gunnery' at Shoeburyness, with its large artillery barracks, public-houses, and gin-shops, and all other belongings to highly cultivated civilization. 'A post only thrice a week! but why—why is this?' Ah! that is just the question. The peculiarity of this island—its lonely desolation, and utter want of society, of everything, indeed, that makes life agreeable and bearable, may be said to be occasioned by its being so singularly difficult and even dangerous of access; and what constitutes this great difficulty, as there are neither mountains, gorges, nor rocky passes in the way, we will presently proceed to explain.

Immediately to the south of the island stretches an immense range of sands, which extend for very

many miles, commencing just below Southend. These vast sands are entirely uncovered at low water, and, though wet and sloppy, are yet perfectly firm and level, and are used for the practice ground of the School of Gunnery before referred to, as here a range for artillery can be obtained of almost unlimited extent. The line of the ranges is easily recognizable by the targets and signal-posts fixed at stated intervals.

It is along these same level sands, though several miles further eastward, that approach and entrance to Foulness Island is gained. The journey, as we shall show, is often attended with great danger, even to old experienced natives; and a year rarely passes but many sad accidents, followed by loss of life and property, occur to add to the already long and dismal chronicle of such casualties.

The adventurous traveller who desires to explore or visit the hidden mysteries of this 'corner of the earth,' if he happens to possess anything in the shape of a decent carriage, chaise, or gig, must take especial care not to attempt the passage of the sands in any such conveyance as that, if he does not wish to have it utterly spoiled by mud and water. He should leave his carriage at either Shoebury or Great Wakering, and procure a light cart and an experienced driver. He then should make certain that the tide is down, and that there will be ample time to reach the island in safety, and having done this, he starts—say from Great Wakering—on an excellent and well-kept road, which terminates about a mile and a half from that village, at the edge of the coast. Passing by means of an incline over the sea-wall, he descends by 'Wakering Stairs,' as the term is, on to the other side, over rough stones, and filthy, slushy, slimy mud, till he is fairly launched out on to the dreary, dreaded sands. The 'track,' for road of course there can be none in the wet sands, is now marked by bunches of thick brooms, about as large as a nine-gallon cask, thrust upright into the ground about six rods apart. This

track proceeds, not parallel with the shore, but, in the first instance, straight out to sea (or nearly south-east) for a few hundred yards, until a beacon, formed of a tub stuck on a pole, warns the traveller that the road turns sharp to the left (or north-east), and is now continued for over six miles marked by the brooms only in a perfectly right line to its termination. The appearance of this road is, to say the least of it, peculiar and not very possessing. Vast, and apparently interminable sands, wet and sloppy, appear on all sides but one, and that, the land side, consists of low muddy banks surmounted by the eternal sea wall. The track, straight as an arrow and marked only by the bunches of broom, stretches out far away in front of the traveller till the little black dots of broom are lost in the extreme distance, and presents, even in summer, a lonely scene enough, but in the fogs and rains of winter about as hopelessly desolate and chilling a picture as can well be imagined. From this long and weary broom track four branches strike off northwards at different intervals, each leading up to an entrance, or 'head' as it is usually called, over the sea wall and down into the island. The first is about two miles and a half from the starting point, the second is 'Aspin's Head,' over three miles,—then comes 'Rugwood's Head,' the one most generally used, four miles,—and 'Eastwick Head,' farthest of all, nearly six miles. Each is marked by a pole or beacon set up on the principal track, which warns the traveller to turn to his left when proceeding into the island.

It may be here stated, as a reason why the broom road, though parallel with, is so far from, the neighbouring shore, that the space between is known by the ominous name of the 'black grounds,' because it consists entirely of soft black mud, or, as some assert, quicksand, and is therefore totally unsuited for the purposes of a road for either men, animals, or vehicles.

From various causes, which will be presently shown, the journey to Foulness may be fairly said to be

always beast with more or less danger even to life itself, except when performed in broad daylight, and when the tide is known to be at a safe distance. The broom track is crossed in many places by the several creeks, which, as already mentioned, separate some of the islands from each other; and as the waters have worn themselves channels in the sands, these channels are often very deep and dangerous when the tide is flowing in, and at low water are about twenty yards wide. At the best of times the water in the creeks reaches nearly halfway to the nave of an ordinary cart wheel, but when these streams have been unusually swollen the current is both deep and strong; and more than one stout and well-mounted farmer has been nearly swept out of his saddle in making the crossing, and both horse and man have had a sharp struggle before the opposite side has been reached. The most fearful danger of all is perhaps to be overtaken by night with an in-rolling tide, or enveloped in a thick impenetrable sea fog so common to these sands. As the daylight decreases, the unfortunate traveller, perhaps on foot, is anxiously hurrying along this most dreary and desolate of roads with possibly many long miles of weary walking before him, and the tide gradually and almost imperceptibly advancing. As darkness comes on the direction of the brooms becomes more and more indistinct; or, worse still, they are cruelly covered by the slowly rising tide; and the miserable traveller finds himself in the midst of a most awful and dreary waste of waters, with neither moon, star, nor beacon to guide him,—his only track lost, and the tide most surely rising! If he is journeying towards the mainland he knows that to turn to his left will take him out to sea, to his right to the treacherous 'black grounds' and quicksands; and to continue or return with the brooms out of sight seems equally impossible. Wandering on he ultimately loses his way, and, overwhelmed with the horrors of despair, he perhaps comes suddenly on a creek. The advancing waters have now filled it—it is a

deep and rapid stream. Tired, exhausted, and bewildered, the unfortunate traveller attempts to cross—loses his footing, and is at once carried away. Nothing more is probably ever heard of him, unless, haply, his body is ultimately found, where the receding tide may have left it, on the wet repulsive sand; and the last record of the lost life will be found in the few but significant words of the coroner's jury, 'Found drowned on the sands.'

All this may read like a romance, but it is strictly true in every particular, and unhappily a common occurrence on these fatal shores. Instances might be given where not only men, but horses, too, and even carts, have been totally lost. Not many years ago a well-to-do 'looker' was returning to the island in his cart with a large amount of property in money and goods. He left the mainland full of life and spirits to 'go over sands,' and was never seen alive again. His body was found a long distance out sea-ward, near that of his horse; his cart was broken to pieces, and of course the whole of his property lost.

But perhaps one of the most touching and melancholy episodes connected with these fatal sands occurred a few years ago. A well-conducted young woman was about to be married to a respectable farm labourer. All the necessary preparations and purchases had been completed, save one, the most important of all—the ring. In order to spare the young man the loss of a whole day's work, the bride elect most generously undertook to go herself and procure the ring at the nearest market town, Rochford. To do this she had to walk there and back, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles, at least nine of which would be over the soft wet sands. Her future husband's sister volunteered to accompany her, and they started together on their long and weary journey. Having secured the ring, and being anxious, alas! only too anxious, to return the same night, they set out on their homeward journey. It was low water—the road was perfectly safe, and they had ample 'tide-room,' as the term

is, and all doubtless would have been well, but a strong wind sprung up from the north, which ultimately increased to a perfect tempest accompanied by heavy rain. The poor girls were entreated by their friends in a neighbouring village to stay the night and not to attempt the sands. They, however, were determined to go, having made an appointment with the young man, who had promised to meet them on their way home. This intention he ultimately, but reluctantly, gave up on the persuasion of the girl's mother, who, finding the weather had become so stormy, concluded, as a matter of course, that the two young women would remain with their friends, and not venture out in so rough a night. Early in the morning, with the first ebb of the tide, the young man started off perfectly confident that he should shortly meet them. He had traversed a great part of the sands, and when nearing one of the creeks, to his unspeakable horror and despair he there discovered the lifeless corpse of his sister, and after a long and heartbreaking search he at length found the body of her unfortunate companion, his bride elect, a considerable distance out seawards. It was supposed that the very high wind had brought up the waters far more rapidly than was expected (a common circumstance hereabouts), thereby completely throwing out the ordinary tidal calculations; and that the wretched girls, horrified at the rising tide, and bewildered by the blinding rain and approaching darkness, had missed the broom track, and wandered out of their course, until, overwhelmed by the waters, death put a period to their earthly sufferings. Can anything be much more horrible than such a frightful, lingering death?—for, from the known state of the sands at the hour of the girls' setting out, it was probably a very long time—perhaps many hours—before they at last succumbed to their miserable fate. The rapidity of the axe of the guillotine, or of the rope of the gallows is humanity and mercy compared with such a slow and fearful death as these poor innocent companions in misfortune

met with. Imagination recoils at the thought of the amount of mental agony and anguish that they must have endured on finding that they had lost their way, and were wandering about in the rising tide, well knowing that in their present position nothing short of a miracle could possibly save them. With the rushing waters below, the howling tempest above, surrounded by pitchy darkness, these two most unhappy and unfortunate girls must have known that their hours on this earth were numbered; and who shall say what amount of physical suffering and bodily pain they may not have undergone in that dreadful struggle for life, before its little spark was at length extinguished in the remorseless waters!

One more singular instance may be cited to show the danger of the sands not only to the young but even to old and experienced age. A 'looker' who had lived for very many years on the spot, and had walked over the sands some thousands of times, for he was sixty years old, was returning one evening in a friend's cart. He was set down at the beacon indicating the approach to the first 'head,' and had, therefore, nothing more to do but simply to walk straight up to the 'head,' and into the island. By some utterly unaccountable means he wandered far out of his way, and during the night a voice was heard calling through the darkness and solitude the terrible alarmcry of the sands, 'Lost!'—'Lost!' Endeavours were made to reach him; but as he most imprudently did not stand still, but kept constantly moving about, all attempts to save him failed, from the impossibility of finding his whereabouts; and the unhappy old man was drowned accordingly. His body was found next day, near Shrewsbury, some miles away from the spot on which he had alighted from his friend's cart.

Stories are told of many and various escapes from the waters of these dreaded sands, and of more than one remarkable instance of animal sagacity proving itself superior to human forethought and wisdom. A medical gentleman who some years

ago was in extensive practice on the mainland, was continually called into the island by his professional duties at all seasons and at all hours; for his humanity and conscientiousness would never allow him to hesitate for a moment when life was at stake, or when pain and disease cried aloud for his active ministrations. It has been already stated that the ordinary tidal calculations may be completely thrown out, and the sands, although supposed to be safe, rendered dangerous by the sudden springing up of a strong north wind, which drives in the waters with great rapidity. Of this circumstance the gentleman just alluded to had been repeatedly warned by the wonderful instinct of a favourite saddle-horse which, at one period, always carried him on this perilous journey. So finely acute was this horse's sense of hearing that nothing, neither persuasion nor force, would ever induce him to remain on the sands if the tide was thus rapidly rolling in. The sound of the approaching waters, however calm and quiet the sea, he could distinctly hear, though otherwise wholly inaudible to man; and, as the doctor had perfect faith in the unerring sagacity of his four-footed friend, he never attempted the passage, but simply waited till the road was passable as usual. Many a time when overtaken by night, or by one of those treacherous and sudden sea fogs so commonly met with here, the doctor, when otherwise mounted, has found himself on the dreary desolate sands with the waters rising, and the brooms rapidly becoming invisible—not an enviable position certainly, but one calling for both courage and judgment. His plan was to dismount repeatedly, and by holding his hand in the water he could thereby *feel* the direction of the tide, and judge or shape his own course accordingly, till by good fortune he came upon one of the beacons, and so made his way to the nearest 'head.' This is medical practice under difficulties indeed, when the danger of drowning, or suffocation in quicksand, is added to the usual and daily one of boldly facing death in every kind of

fearful disease; and if ever doctor 'earned' his fee, in the truest sense of the term, this one most surely did.

After the foregoing account of the dreary desolation and extreme difficulty of access of this singular *terra incognita*, it will perhaps seem almost incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that large fortunes have repeatedly been realized by persons who have passed their entire lives in this secluded and isolated spot. The soil is rich and generous, and of remarkable fertility, and the crops of almost every description of grain which it produces are usually highly valued; and this perhaps may afford some return for the terrible life of exile of such a place. The rector is

man of literary acquirements, and an accomplished scholar. What an utter banishment for such a man! Cut off from society, and almost from intercourse with the mainland, and with a post thrice a week, and this actually within sixty miles of London! So you see there are more wonders in the vicinity of the metropolis than are dreamt of in your philosophy, good reader! And I rather think that you will readily admit that this peculiar island, beset as it is with dangers of many kinds, its lonely solitude, and its splendid money-getting harvests, may be said to possess in all senses the attributes not only of wealth but of desolation too.

Gregory Greycoat.

GOSSIP FROM EGYPT.

The Pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE greater proximity of Egypt to Europe than other semi-civilized countries, like Persia or India, makes the traveller more interested and more astonished at the strange and the unwonted that he may see in Alexandria or Cairo, than in Teheran or Calcutta. In nine days we can travel from London to Cairo. If we had a journey of a month to undergo, or if we had to travel to the other side of the world, we should not be so astonished at the barbarous or the cruel that we might see there.

In Ashantee or Dahomey, human life is unquestionably thought less of than it is in London or Paris; and if the reader were to be transported to either Ashantee or Dahomey, he would doubtless feel much less surprise at witnessing executions, or seeing human heads on poles, or bodies impaled, than he would feel if he witnessed these things in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées. If Mr. Walpole had impaled Mr. Beales on one of the Park railings close to Apaley House, or if Louis Napoleon had done the same to M. Thiers in the Jardins de Tuileries, there would have been commotion in London and Paris respectively. The

excitement caused by thousands of persons prostrating themselves on the road—say in Piccadilly, for instance—and lying there so close side by side that the street was not visible, every stone covered, in order that a wild horseman—say the Bishop of Oxford—on a fiery steed, might prance over them, to enter St. James' Church, at full speed, would scarcely cause less excitement in London than the impalement of Mr. Beales on one of the Park railings near Apsley House. Yet this is actually what takes place in Cairo every year, once every year; and although strangers are shocked, or horrified, or scandalized, the denizens of Egypt, of European or native descent, being 'to the manner born,' think little of it.

Every year a caravan leaves Cairo for Mecca and Medina. This pilgrimage every devout Moslem ought to perform once at least during his lifetime, and having performed it, every Moslem, devout or otherwise, lets it be known, in his dress, in the decorations of his house, and particularly in his air and manner and bearing. It may be spiritual pride, or it may be only the remains of the devotion inspired by the sight of

the holy places; but certain it is that the Hadji who has performed the pilgrimage is wonderfully like one of the unc' gude in Scotland or our own land, who holds such pilgrimage in abhorrence.

Thousands set out on this pilgrimage, from Morocco and Fez on the west, to Calcutta and Singapore on the east, all wending their way to Mecca; and of these thousands only a few hundreds return. Cholera, fever, want, exposure, the sun by day, and the dew and the moon by night, destroy the pilgrims

in great numbers, both going and returning. How great the equanimity with which we can bear the woes of others! This moral truism is particularly true of the pilgrims to Mecca. Arabs, Moors, Egyptians, Persians, Turks, Affghans, Patans, and Moslem Malaya see their brethren die on the long, long pilgrimage with profound equanimity. The sufferers are not to be pitied. They go direct to Paradise. They are to be envied rather. It is an article of their creed, taught by the Koran itself, that pilgrims dying on this



pilgrimage are received direct into heaven by the beautiful houris, who are waiting for them with outstretched arms. There the air is all perfumed; the rivers are of milk and wine and of all the most exquisite descriptions of nectar; the birds and the plants are more beautiful than anything on earth; and the houris, loveliest of maids, are waiting for them. Such is the Moslem idea of Paradise; and to this Paradise the poor pilgrim, dying *en route*, goes at

once. Where, then, is the cause for lamentation?

But many cannot go to Mecca. They send presents there instead—presents intended to ornament the tomb of the Prophet, or to assist in its preservation and maintenance. A sacred carpet in Cairo is dedicated to the reception of these presents, and this carpet is looked upon as being peculiarly holy.

The fete day of the Prophet Mohammed in Egypt is the first day of

the Arab month *Rahi-el-Vouel*, and the feast itself is called the feast of *Mouillet-el-Nebi*. The sacred carpet is brought back to Cairo annually in time for this feast. The *Mouillet-el-Nebi* would lose half its lustre if the sacred carpet were not then forthcoming. As there is plenty of time for it to be returned by that day, a little judicious travelling and halting, on the return journey, easily makes the entrance of the sacred carpet into Cairo coincide with the feast-day of the Prophet.

The chief of the Moslem religion at Cairo rides out in state to *Rassout*, accompanied by crowds of faithful disciples, to meet the sacred carpet on its return. The carpet is conducted in state, and with great noise, to the citadel of Cairo—where is the magnificent mosque built by *Mehemet Ali*—the head *Imaun* preceding it on horseback, to give the more dignity to its return. The Viceroy himself is standing at the door of the mosque, and bows again and again as the holy carpet is brought forward; the head *Imaun* sweeps off his horse and into the mosque with a grand air; he hardly recognizes the Viceroy—the holy carpet is a much more solemn affair than any number of Viceroys, he seems to think. Prayers having been said, the carpet is carried in solemn procession again to the citadel.

In the older part of Cairo, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, stands a particularly holy mosque, that of *Kaloum*, encompassed by narrow lanes, by filth, and by a teeming population. To this holy mosque, as its resting-place for the year, it is now the duty of the chief *Imaun* to carry off the sacred carpet. He is a good rider; but whether called right reverend, or most reverend, or very venerable, I cannot tell. His long white beard makes him look very venerable; and, like all Arabs, he is quite at home in the saddle.

A white horse, an Arab of pure breed, perfectly white and pearly in colour, with one black lozenge on his forehead, and another on his off hind-leg, has been kept all the year in the stable, waiting for this grand

occasion. He has been well fed, well groomed, carefully attended to, and comes forth out of his stable duly saddled, snorting and curveting, and pawing in an impatient sort of way. He wants to be off. It is as much as four grooms can do to hold him and get the chief *Imaun* safely on his back. Once firmly seated in the saddle, they know the chief *Imaun* knows well how to hold his own. With the holy carpet tied carefully round him, the chief *Imaun* grasps the reins, and plunging, curveting, prancing, and rearing, the white Arab steed, and his white-bearded Arab rider, the head of the Moslem faith in Egypt, take their way through Cairo to the mosque of *Kaloum*.

The air is rent with the shouts of the faithful, as the chief *Imaun*, on his white charger, makes his way without the gates of the citadel. And here, whilst the holy man, the white-bearded chief *Imaun*, has as much as he can do to manage his fiery steed, and is taking him deftly and wisely, as carefully as he can, down the steep declivity of the citadel, I must stop to narrate a curious illustration of the Oriental love of noise, mentioned by Mr. Edwards. In India, as in Egypt, noise is a serious matter. Neither religion nor war can get on well without it. The Second Bengal Cavalry had deserted their officers in a fight in *Cabul*. The Lieutenant-Governor at *Agra*, in the midst of a durbar, asked an old decorated native officer of cavalry, who had been with *Lord Lake*, and wore a dozen medals, if he could explain how it was that so brave a corps had acted in so cowardly a way. 'It is all the fault of the Government,' was his reply, 'for they have taken from us our Galloper guns. Formerly, when ordered to charge, these guns preceded us, and fired a few rounds, and we charged at the back of the noise. At such times,' he added, looking round on the assembly as if delivering the most solemn and mighty truth—'at such times, for getting up the heart, and keeping up the spirit, there is nothing like noise. Indeed noise is a most important thing.' A hum of approba-

tion and acquiescence went round the native portion of the assembly, at the pregnant wisdom of the old officer's oracular response!

Mighty is the shouting, thundering applause, as the chief Imaun, white-bearded, on his white Arab steed, makes his way carefully down the citadel hill; and, as he draws near the foot of the hill, and directs his course towards the narrow lanes leading to the mosque of Kaloum, the faithful in attendance, men, women, and children, who have assembled from all parts of Egypt to take their part in this religious drama, prostrate themselves on their faces on the road. Closely packed, side by side, all lying still now, the whole street covered, they await the prancing steed, and his very venerable or right reverend rider, and the holy carpet.

The wild Arab horse prances over the prostrate forms, ever becoming more and more restive as he proceeds, his iron hoof here crunching down on a hard Egyptian skull, and there sinking into the yielding side of some graceful girl. On, ever faster and faster, the chief Imaun urges his steed, for the more rapidly the ride is concluded, the less injury will be done. No cry of pain is heard from the sufferers; for as the horse pushes on, the crowd behind rise, and shout with all their might. Noise, and even more noise. Some are hurt, one or two may be killed, for the road all the way to the mosque of Kaloum is thus paved with human beings; but their friends and relatives believe they went straight to Paradise, if killed outright; and, as to the wounded, they will go to Paradise too, some day, when fate so wills it, and in the meantime let those who ought look to them. Are we not all in the hands of fate? Such is the simple creed of the Moslem. It is all fate; life and death, and wounds and healing, all is fate.

The following observations of Madame Olympe Andouard, in her 'Mystères de l'Egypte,' on this hideous ceremony, are so true and so much to the purpose, that with them I conclude: 'The present Vic-

roy, Ismail Pacha, was brought up in Paris. He is considered civilized, and he has certainly done much already to light the lamp of civilization in Egypt. I am astonished that he does not abolish—that he does not forbid this cruel custom. It were an act of humanity to do him honour, did he forbid it; and it would be all the easier since it is not enjoined in the Koran. It only obtains in Egypt. It is a barbarous custom, not an ordinance of religion.'

It is true that the Egyptians, particularly the fanatics, pretend that the horse of the chief Imaun has the miraculous power not to wound or to kill any one. On this account they lift up the injured and force them to walk all the same; and, as to the dead, they carry them off, saying the chief Imaun will cure them. If a European were to interfere, he would be abused. He could not be injured by the horse, for the honour of paving the road for that horse is reserved for true believers, and is not for a dog of a Christian.'

THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

Every one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. This poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river into the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard

of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile.

The Feast of Khalig, which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shrieking victim that was formerly immolated, as I have described. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors. Christian Egypt continued the horrid custom that had descended from antiquity, until Amrow, the General of the Kaliph Omar, in the seventh century, put an end to it. The Nile did not rise as high as usual next year, and Amrow wrote in great anxiety to Omar, fearing a revolt, if the old and horrid custom were not restored. Omar's reply ought to be remembered, as well as his apocryphal order about the burning of the books in the Alexandrian Library. He enclosed in his despatch a solemn form of invocation to the one true God, drawn out by his high priest, and he ordered Amrow to throw that invocation into the Nile instead of the girl, as of yore. Amrow did so, and the waters that year rose to the usual level. Gradually, however, the old feast was restored, all except the human sacrifice, for which the earthen figure was substituted, and this now constitutes the Feast of Khalig.

It may appear to Christian readers a strange thing that a ceremony so opposed to the spirit of Christianity as the annual immolation of a human being to propitiate a supposed river-god, should have been continued for several centuries after Christianity had become nominally the faith of Egypt. 'Nominally!' the whole explanation is contained in that word. Christianity was but

nominally then the faith of Egypt, as it is of Abyssinia now. Adrien, writing to the Consul Servinius, in the second century, thus describes the faith of Egypt:—'I have studied, my dear Servinius, this Egypt, which you praise so much; I find it light, inconstant, changeable, ready to be moved by every wind of doctrine. Those who adore Serapis call themselves Christians; there are no chiefs of synagogues, nor priests of Christianity, nor divines, nor soothsayers, nor prophesiers who are not worshippers of Serapis also.' Nor were things much better in the fifth century. Then there was to be seen in Alexandria a woman of rare beauty and of extraordinary eloquence—a virtuous woman—as renowned for her learning as she was for her beauty, who had learned mathematics thoroughly from her father, Theon, and who had studied Plato and Aristotle for herself. She had been esteemed as a learned and brilliant woman even in learned and brilliant Athens, and now she taught philosophy in Alexandria. And what was her fate? Peter, a Christian deacon in the church of Saint Cyril, collected the Christian disciples of this Christian saint together, inflamed them against this good and learned and beautiful woman, Hypatia by name. They dragged her from her chamber, divested her of her clothing, tore her fair body, like wolves, to pieces, and cutting off mass after mass of the quivering flesh, burnt it there in the market-place, bit by bit; and the Christian Saint Cyril, when it was all over, gave them absolution! Such was the Christianity of Egypt in the fifth century! and the Mussulmans conquered it in the seventh century.

So much, then, for the past; and now for the Feast of Khalig, as it is in this year of grace, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.

The Khalig Canal gets its waters from the Nile in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, and spreads the fertilizing stream throughout the western delta, as far as Damietta. Unfortunate Orissa has a great river also, whose waters might just as easily be employed to fertilize its

plains, the Mahanuddy, which means 'the great river,' if only channels were made for it, in order that water might be forthcoming when heaven denied its rain; but although Orissa has been a British province for more than a hundred years, no such canals have been formed. And what is the consequence? Seven hundred and fifty thousand Hindoos were starved to death by a paternal government in Orissa during the last two years!

The Nile, represented as a god in the old temples of Egypt, is a fine old man with a white beard, the statue usually of black marble, probably to indicate his Abyssinian origin, his head crowned with emblematical fertility. He was supported by a sphinx, and a crocodile and a hippopotamus reposed at his feet. He was surrounded by sixteen sons, representing the sixteen cubits to which it was necessary the waters should rise in order to give its full share of fertility to Egypt. He is no longer worshipped as a god, but his waters are treasured as carefully as ever, and the annual inundation is watched and measured as anxiously as it was when the young girl, in her bridal attire, was thrown into it to propitiate old Father Nilus.

A barrier keeps the waters of the river from the bed of the canal until the stream has sufficiently risen to permit of its being divided, and the cutting of the bund, or barrier, with its attendant ceremonies, constitutes the Feast of Khalig. It is in itself a sufficiently important matter, for the irrigation and fertilization of nearly half the delta depends upon it, and it is therefore no wonder that it should be made a time of holiday-making and rejoicing. Said Pacha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, always attended the Feast of Khalig. Ismail Pacha has attended it, but is 'to one thing constant never.'

From the time of the approach of evening, an hour or two before sunset, the crowd begins to accumulate in the neighbourhood of the bund, or dam. The assembled Arabs sing and play on musical instruments, and shout and dance. The poor come

in crowds from Cairo on foot, and the rich in their comfortable boats, called dahabiers. The whole river is alive with boats of all kinds, and as the twilight deepens into night thousands of lights illuminate its waters, whilst fireworks are let off in Cairo, illuminations appear on the surrounding buildings, nay, even the very huts are lighted up. Musicians and singers and dancing-girls swarm on the barrier itself, and little extempore booths and pavilions are dotted all over the banks, as well of the river as of the canal. Shouts of laughter resound on the water as well as on the shore, and are heard every now and then, loud and dissonant, above the din of the music and the singing.

The torches, waving amongst the crowds on shore, and the lights in the booths, and the gleaming lamps on the river, the water of which reflects on its black bosom the twinkling dots of flame, and the laughter, and the singing, and the discordant music, and the shouting crowds in their holiday attire, all make up as strange and fantastical a scene as one could see anywhere. 'It is like a ball on the Styx and its banks,' said a brilliant Frenchwoman; and truly the wild Arab figures, and the black Nubians, and the extraordinary mass of varied humanity, intermingled with the lights, and the blackness of the water and the night, made the simile not so inappropriate.

The feast continues all night. Bengal lights and rockets, and blue, red, and green flames, and flashing fireworks, are let off at intervals in Cairo all the night; and at intervals, as they appear and die away again, the crowds shout and dance, and exhibit the wildest demonstrations of joy.

At length, at daydawn, the barrier is cleared, and the troops appear in military order, with the Viceroy himself, or his representative, at their head. The cannon are placed in position, and the earthen image of the bride of the Nilo is elevated, and great is the excitement. All are waiting for the decisive moment. It comes at last! The signal is given, the cannon thunder forth,

the image of the girl is hurled into the seething waters, the barrier is broken up, and large, and ever more large, is the volume of water that rushes and leaps and crashes and dances into the bed of the canal, as the last opposing remnants of the barrier are swept away by the impetuous tide.

And such is the Feast of Khalig, as it is now celebrated!

CAIRO.

Most of the towns of the east are like antiquated beauties, who look well at a distance, but will not bear inspection. From afar the arched eyebrows, the dark, glancing eyes, the beautiful complexion, and the enticing figure, all look well. But approach nearer, and what a lesson of disillusion! The black and well-arched eyebrows are evidently the result of a pencil judiciously applied, the fire of the eye is due to kholl, and the complexion was prepared in the perfumer's laboratory!

Thus the towns of the east, and of Egypt especially, are admirable as seen from afar; the domed and minaretted mosques, the Moorish houses, and the dots of green, caused by the palms and sycamores amongst them, are all pleasant to contemplate from a distance—but it is from a distance only. Draw nearer, and the odour which assails the olfactory nerves is of the most disagreeable, the squalor and filth on every side, the tumble-down aspect of many of the houses, the number of people afflicted with ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, unpleasant to look upon, all combine to produce emotions of disgust. The tortuous, narrow streets are full of filth; the dogs that bark or howl at you are mangy and vulpine; the best and most religious of the inhabitants look upon you with hatred and contempt as an infidel; and the beggars, who will alone fraternize with you, are of the most unsavoury of mortals, and the most unpleasant with whom to be brought into contact.

The Mount Moquattan affords the best view of Cairo. From its

summit the aspect of the town is pleasant to contemplate. The citadel towers above the city, and distance lends enchantment to the view there as elsewhere. Looking away towards the desert, the Pyramids are seen, motionless, grim, and solitary, in their vast bed of sand. Most strange, most melancholy, and yet most grand is their aspect. Man lives and frets and dies from age to age—Pagan, Christian, Mohammedan—they come in succession, and rule and pass away, and the Pyramids remain, like destiny, fixed and immovable. Most wonderful of human buildings, never to be surpassed, most probably never to be equalled! The Nile wanders through the scene, a thread of silvery blue, meandering pleasantly amongst palms and cypress and sycamore trees, amongst gardens and villas, and through villages, giving out life and fertility with no niggard hand, as it runs off towards the north. The island of Roudale is a conspicuous object in the course of the Nile as seen from the top of Mount Moquattan, an island all vegetation, all fertility, all green and smiling—a strange contrast to the gloomy desert of sand, with its never-changing coat of arid yellow in the distance. More than a thousand mosques, it is said, may be counted from this elevated position—more than a thousand mosques! all with their tapering minarets, very picturesque and fairylike, amid the trees and domes. Take a good long look at Cairo, as it is seen from the summit of Mount Moquattan, and let it live in your memory, and then depart with that scene treasured up for future reference, and Cairo will live in your remembrance like a thing of beauty, a joy for ever.

Go down into the town itself, and the illusion is gone.

The square called Esbekyeh, occupying nearly the centre of the town, is the quarter chiefly frequented by Europeans. The principal hotels are grouped round it; and several of the Egyptian nobility have built residences in the neighbourhood and on the sides of the square, so that the buildings around form a

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goodly show. Nor is the open space in the centre itself devoid of its attractions. The sycamores and the palms flourish there. There is abundance of vegetation, but no taste, and no cleanliness. This last is the most offensive want to Europeans. Egypt has yet to learn that sanitary measures must be carried out in all large towns, if the health and the comfort of their inhabitants are to be cared for.

In the Square of Esbekyeh, and in Cairo generally, simply nothing is done to render the promenades and streets clean and pleasant, but much is done to render them offensive. Filth of all kinds, and of the most offensive character, abounds in Esbekyeh.

At night, in walking through it, lanterns must be carried. The lamps of the hotels, and palaces, and casinos surrounding the square, illuminate the roadway to a certain extent, but, within the enclosure, and amidst the scattered vegetation there, all is darkness, unless the moon—the bright, beautiful moon of Egypt, looks down in silvery sadness on the scene.

And Cairo by night is a city to make all observers sad. The singing cafés, or casinos, the gambling-houses, the little theatre, are all full of the rabble of all European nations. Greeks, and Italians, and Maltese are here drinking and quarrelling nightly. They are the outcasts of Greece and its islands, of Italy and of Malta, whilst the French and English mingled amongst them, with the exception of the officials, of course, and of those engaged on the Suez Canal, and of the 'Overland' Indian passengers,—are amongst the worst specimens of both countries. The description of the refugees who joined David in the Cave of Adullam would exactly suit them.

The Turks and Egyptians do not usually keep late hours. Like all Oriental people, they retire and rise early. Except when their festivals, religious or national, make them trench on the hours of night, they usually retire to rest shortly after sunset, and rise with the sun.

The singing in the casinos of

Cairo and Alexandria, and the acting in their theatres, are bad travesties of the singing and acting in Italy and France, in the provincial towns. Painted ladies, whose dresses are made to exhibit as much as possible of their figures, put themselves into the attitudes of a Grisi, a Jenny Lind, a Nilsson, or a Patti, and emit lugubrious sounds, intended for the finest airs in the last popular opera; and as to the ballet-dancing, it is suitable for the audience, and nothing worse can be said of it.

Assassinations are not unfrequent, both by day and by night, in the streets of Cairo as well as in the Esbekyeh. Sometimes firearms are used in these assassinations, but more frequently stilettoes. The few respectable European residents in Cairo have got so accustomed to this state of things that, when they hear of a new quarrel, followed by a new murder, they merely observe, 'A worthless Greek or Italian the less in the world, nothing more.' Before the shop of M. Magrini, the librarian, in Alexandria, an Italian was suddenly attacked by two other Italians, and stabbed. He fell, sorely wounded and almost insensible, upon the pavement, a crowd collecting around him as the assassins quietly walked off. 'And why did you not arrest them?' indignantly asked a French lady of one of those who was present, and who narrated the circumstance. '*Pas si bête!*' was the answer, very emphatically delivered; '*pas si bête!* we do not mix ourselves up in their quarrels. They are an utterly vile, and contemptible, and revengeful set of men.'

It is not unusual to have a man pointed out to you in Egypt as a curiosity, who is generally supposed, or well known, as the case may be, to be one of the greatest assassins alive. 'And why is he allowed to go about thus? why is he not arrested?' you naturally ask. 'Well, there are various reasons,' is the reply. 'In the first place, he goes well armed, and the police would rather not have anything to do with him. He thinks very little of killing a man, and he has many accomplices who would revenge his arrest. Besides this, the Egyptian govern-

ment does not wish to interfere with Europeans; is extremely careful not to embroil itself with any of the European powers, and there is no knowing who might interest himself for this man, if he were arrested.'

It is not many months ago since a Greek was quietly walking along in the Esbekyeh Square in Cairo, not far from the office of the *Messageries Impériales*, when two others coming upon him suddenly, stabbed him in the back. As he fell, the two assassins saw his face for the first time. 'Pardon, sir,' was their simultaneous exclamation, 'a thousand pardons; we mistook you for our enemy!' And so saying, they dived into an adjoining entry leading into some of the most tortuous lanes of Cairo, whilst a crowd, as usual, collected helplessly around the dying man to gaze upon him. He was a man of some influence, and he died. The Greek Consul took up the matter, and had a diligent search made for the assassins, but they could not be found: the dying man alone had seen their faces, and had heard them say that it was a mistake!

The crowd which one sees in the early evening in the principal streets of Cairo, and in the square, and in the promenade of Choubrab, is curious and motley. After the mid-day siesta, which is most religiously taken by all classes, greatly to the disgust of energetic John Bulls, who will persist in calling at post-offices, and at steamer offices, and at telegraph offices—in fact, at all kinds of offices,—between twelve and three, and who find them all closed, and even the porter sitting at the closed gate, half asleep,—after the siesta then, life returns to the streets, in the shape of innumerable donkeys.

I distinctly remember that, when I was a boy, I was taught, or preached at, to the effect that the donkeys of the East, of Syria and Egypt particularly, were not the miserable, diminutive animals known by that name in England. How these teachers, or preachers, got their information I do not know; but this I know, that I have seen the Turkish, Syrian, Arab, Egyptian,

Persian, Affghan, and Bengalee donkey, and that his English brother is by no means a despicable member of the race. There are some good donkeys everywhere, and a great many bad ones.

In Egypt, to ride on donkey-back is not disdained even by the nobility, and amazing is the volubility of the donkey-boys as they see an irresolute European looking up and down the road, half blinded by clouds of dust, half overcome by bad smells and bad sights. The Egyptian donkey-boy knows John Bull at once—whether it be John Bull with sallow face and diseased liver, coming home from India, or the youthful military hero that is to be, or civil ruler *in posse*, going out with all sorts of high hopes,—the Egyptian donkey-boy knows them all. 'Vaira good donkey, sair, Billy Barlow. You come with me, sair.' Another insists 'That no good donkey—here one vaira good, Snooks,' and so on. Each magnifying his own goods, and particularly his donkey, at the expense of his neighbours.

And then the saddles! such saddles! If they had been picked up in the Crimea, after the fight of all nations there, they could not have been more various. Laden with wood, and with panniers of fruit and vegetables, beset by men and women of various nations, and beaten behind by the donkey-boys, donkeys with saddles and donkeys without, of all colours, and all sizes, and all ages,—and thus pass we the donkeys. They form a very large proportion of the crowd, but by no means the whole of it.

There are two-legged pedestrians in all costumes, and camels and dromedaries, and riders of all kinds of horses, and vehicles of the most varied shape and character on all sides. It is amazing where all these vehicles could have come from. Some look as if they had been imported into Egypt from England in the time of Charles II, but of course that could hardly have been. Others of them look like the most recent and the most fashionable productions of Long Acre. The drivers and attendant footmen are as various as the

vehicles—some slovenly Egyptians, in the everlasting *fez*, badly dressed, badly shaved, badly combed. Others, neat, tidy servants, in picturesque liveries, and each with an amount of colour decoration sufficient to bedizen half a dozen of the same class in Rotten Row.

Next to the place Esbekyeh, in Cairo, is the street called Mousky, for fashionable crowding and lounging in the evening. Donkeys, carriages, camels, dromedaries, mules, and men, all mixed up in wild confusion, and appearing as if they had just arrived from all countries, form the motley crowd that gives life and motion to the dust and air of Mousky Street. The grooms run beside the horses' heads as they do in India, shouting to the pedestrians and to the drivers of other carriages to get out of the way, abusing the slow, chafing their comrades, brushing flies off the horses, and running along in the heat and dust all the time, as if they knew not what fatigue was. Always running, always talking, laughing, perspiring, and flourishing their horse-tail fly-flappers, they dash on, in and out amongst the horses, the vehicles, the donkeys, the pedestrians, and the camels; the noisiest, the most boisterous, and the most patient of men.

The beys and pachas, who constitute the nobility of Egypt, love the street Mousky. Here they assemble at the shops, in the evening, to smoke their pipes, to drink coffee, to watch the passers-by, and to hear the gossip of Cairo from the shopkeepers. It is as if the male aristocracy of London sat round the shop-doors of Piccadilly or Pall Mall, in the evening, smoking their cigars, and chatting amicably with the shopmen or shopwomen about the passers-by, about the gossip of London, about anything and everything. But of this out-door life London knows nothing, and Paris, with all its boasting, only a little, compared with Cairo and Alexandria.

Very few of the streets of Cairo are sufficiently wide to allow carriages to pass. Dive into one of the side streets, from the most fashionable quarter, and you may reach in

two minutes streets or lanes so narrow that even a laden ass is passed with difficulty. The wary pedestrian, seeing the laden ass coming, waits patiently in a passage, or doorway, or some other shelter-giving space, till the poor little beast, with its weary burden, has passed on. There is as much tact and quickness of observation required to walk safely in Cairo as in London, only of a different kind. When the laden Moslem strikes your head with the burden he is carrying, he does not, like the London porter, ask you 'where you're a drivin' to?' but he looks at you simply, sorrowfully, pathetically, and passes silently on, as if he were saying within himself, 'What a poor half-witted creature he must be!' If he gave utterance to the exclamation, it would be in Arabic, or Coptic, or some other unknown tongue, so that his eloquent silence may be translated as you please.

The clothes which are hung out to dry in all the streets of Cairo, on lines stretching from one side of the street to the other, are a perpetual annoyance to the European horseman. He cannot avoid them always, and it is not comfortable to find them blown into his face, and covering his mouth, and endangering his hat, particularly when he reflects that the plagues of Egypt are much more numerous now than they were in Pharaoh's time.

They say there are four hundred of the larger mosques in Cairo, and more than a hundred small ones; that is, in the city proper alone, without including the suburbs. This may be true. I never counted them; but looking at the city from an eminence, the minarets appear well-nigh innumerable. The mosque of Amrow, the general of the Caliph Omar, who conquered Egypt in the seventh century, is one of the finest, as well as one of the oldest. It is built of polished marble, is in the purest Arab style, and presents to the visitor the aspect of an immense range of cloisters. A gallery surrounds it within, supported by a number of the most elegant pillars; and, in the space for prayer in the centre, the sky is the roof. The

fountain for ablutions is of surprising richness and elegance, harmonizing well with the admirable proportions of the surrounding gallery and cloisters. Truly surprising it is, when we reflect on it, where the Arabs got their exquisite taste in architecture. The more purely the building is Arabic, of whatever character it may be, the more chaste and beautiful it is. We have tried Gothic, and Grecian, and Roman; we have tried even fantastic and semi-barbarous Chinese architecture in England; but the pure and severe Arabic style has never yet been properly introduced. When Mr. Ruskin goes to the East, and, returning, publishes his impressions of it, perhaps a beginning will be made.

The mosque dedicated to the Sultan Kaloum, in one of the worst quarters of Cairo, is much frequented by the sick. Kaloum had some reputation as a physician, and his robe, which possesses, it is said, a marvellous healing power, is preserved in the mosque. There are various squares of marble, somewhat elevated above the floor in this mosque, which are supposed also to perform wonderful cures. By licking one with the tongue, the patient gets rid of jaundice; by rubbing the part affected over another, rheumatism is cured, and so on. But perhaps the strangest of these superstitions is that relating to the gift of children. Male children are eagerly desired by all wives in the east; children of either sex, if they cannot have boys; but to be a childless wife is the height of misfortune, and exposes the unhappy woman to contempt and vituperation from her husband's relatives. Those who are barren, and who desire children, have only to visit the mosque of Kaloum, so say the Arabs. One of these marble slabs is dedicated to them, and a citron is provided. The barren female is to sit on the marble slab, and to suck the citron. If she does this, nothing doubting—faith is absolutely necessary—the reproach of her barrenness will be removed, and she will become a happy mother of children. A similar means is provided for obtaining male offspring particularly.

These superstitions doubtless bring in a large revenue to the mosque.

Not far from the mosque of the Sultan Kaloum is the college where the young neophytes are educated who are ultimately to become the Imauns, or priests, of Moslemism. Bigotry and hatred of Christians are rife here. A European cannot visit it without having the most opprobrious terms flung at him in Arabic. If he knows what the Arabic for a dog is, he will find much use made of that word in particular during his visit. But the probability is he knows nothing of Arabic at all; and it is only by the lowering eyes and threatening aspect that he can guess the expressions made use of are not complimentary. Of actual violence, however, there is no fear; Egypt is too well drilled for that; its prosperity, its civilization, its advancement in every way depend too much upon Europeans—upon France and England notably, to permit of open violence anywhere to Christians.

And here I may remark how strange to the Englishman travelling in Egypt it is to find the French have completely monopolized Cairo and Alexandria. The names of the streets are posted up in French. The discipline and uniform of the military are French. The methods of education, the forms of official intercourse, the entire mould of the civilization being introduced into Egypt is French. The English language, and English manners and habits, are equally unknown. And yet it was English capital, to a very great extent, which made Egypt what it is. Neither the Mahmoodieh Canal, nor the railway to Cairo and Suez, would probably have ever been constructed if it had not been for the so-called 'Overland' route to India. The French make bad colonists, we are in the habit of saying in England, but they make better civilizers than we do; at least they leave their impress much more quickly on semi-civilized states. There is more French, in proportion, spoken in Cairo and Alexandria, and visible to the public eye in their streets, than there is English in Delhi or Lucknow.



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

THE GOLDEN BOAT.

[See the Verses.

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The cafés of Cairo are an institution. There are eleven hundred and forty of them, according to the last census. The Mohammedans who have no particular occupation live in them, and sleep in them, and others who are employed at particular hours take their siesta in the cafés. In the evening every one frequents them. There are story-tellers attached to each, whose business it is to enliven the lethargic visitors by tales, sometimes marvellous, sometimes simple and do-

mestic, sometimes religious, and often the reverse. These tales are usually prefaced by the repetition of a few lines, which are supposed to be of fortunate augury, such as the following—

'Sleeping is all the world,
Waking is God alone.
This tale it may be false,
Its words may not be sweet;
Eyes of mine saw it not,
From hearay I repeat it.
Of him who hath composed it,
False or true, the need be his.'

THE GOLDEN BOAT.

D^O you recollect the day,
Sister Annie, when I lay
In your arms, the while you read to me that strange wild tale
Of the magic golden boat,
With the silver swans afloat
That drew it soft to landward in the down-hushed gale?

Of the magic stranger knight
That in beauty did alight
On the yellow sands at even when the sun lay low,
Who so wondrously did sing
That the daughter of a king
Sailed out with him bewildered where the red waves glow?

How she, the sister, faded
Till all the land was shaded
By the gloom of her sweet sorrow for the twin soul gone;
Till, among the drift-weed strown,
To shore a corse was thrown
In the silence and the shiver of the cold grey dawn?

Then rose she like the morning
In its tenderest adorning,
And cast her breathing beauty where her twin lay dead;
Till Nature, great and holy,
Outdid the magic wholly,
And, mingling with the ocean mists, the Pale King fled!

All that wondrous tale hath lain,
Sister Annie, on my brain
Through the weary tossing fever when my pain lay deep;
For I dreamed I was his wife
As I slumbered out my life,
And I thought I heard him singing o'er my last long sleep.

Was it nothing more than seeming?
 Sister Annie, was I dreaming?
 Did he love me? Did I follow o'er the red sea line?
 Or was it but a vision
 Sent by fiends in their derision
 Who heard the angels weeping o'er a love like mine?

Where is gone the golden boat,
 With the silver swans afloat?
 And where the knight in beauty that the pale sands trod?
 Like the captive lark I tended,
 He is flown, and all is ended,
 And is there nothing left me but a green grass sod?

When the word was spoken never,
 When he took the boat for ever,
 When the waters overwhelmed me, only thou left near,
 What was it through my sleeping
 But the potency of your weeping
 That saved me in the shedding of my long hid tear?

No more, no more of sighing,
 Hear me, Annie, I am crying,
 And I feel it coming back to me, my long-lost rest;
 Wild dreams no more beguiling,
 See me, Annie, I am smiling,
 Like the wayward child I was upon your one true breast.

Is that the sun high risen
 From his dreary ocean prison?
 He that rode the sea-horizon like a long gold boat,
 With the white curled waves beside him
 For the silver swans to guide him—
 And, hark! to heaven up-springing, sounds the lark's glad note!

Lift me, Annie! Let me hear it!
 How bright the sun grows near it!
 There! the barrier cloud is riven like a strong tree cleft.
 Now the music and wing-lightness
 Are both buried in the brightness,
 And the greatness of the glory is the one thing left.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.



THE HOME OF THE CAVENDISHES.

TO all those tourists, enterprising and unenterprising alike, who may be ever led at any future time to investigate the beauties in which Yorkshire and Derbyshire scenery abounds, there is one piece of advice that, in a spirit of the purest philanthropy and sincerity, I would give—avoid Sheffield. Do anything rather than enter its grimy, smoky precincts. Be circuitous when you might go straight ahead; take six hours where you might take three; put up with the country of country inns; endure to remain dinnerless and tobaccoless; submit, in fact, to anything rather than go to Sheffield. A hideous conglomerate of tall, unashamed chimneys, of stunted, blackened houses, perpetually overhung by dense layers of smoke, which seem almost to take solid form and substance in the heaven above; a collection of narrow, ill-arranged streets, whose atmosphere forcibly reminds you of that ascribed to the Black Hole at Calcutta; streets which literally teem with children of one uniform size—uniformly squalid, miserable, and vicious in appearance; streets at whose corners may be seen knots of ill-conditioned-looking men—haggard, desperate, ill-fed, ill-clothed, up to murder, stratagem, or midnight plots of any kind, judging from their countenance; streets, near the doors of the beershops and pawnshops of which you meet with women the exact counterparts of the men, with faces from which all trace of feminine sentiment or shame has long since departed, engrained with misery and crime; women whom it makes one sick and sad to gaze at; whose faces tell you that they receive blows and bruises from their lords, and whose lips, every time they open, tell you that they have long since lost any thought of decency, any regard for God. Imagine all this, and you will have a very fair idea of Sheffield. It has been my lot to have been, at one time or another, in most of the manufacturing towns of England and Wales—to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds;

to the great industrial centres of Staffordshire, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, Bilston; to Merthyr Tydvil, and to a hundred others: and as one who has been to these places, I have seen much misery, much squalor, much sin; but in none have I ever seen a population that strikes the stranger as being uniformly so irredeemably low in the scale of humanity as Sheffield.

Such, at least, are the present writer's experiences of the town famous for its cutlery—infamous for its rattingen and its Broadheads. Whether I saw things and persons in Sheffield through a somewhat gloomy medium I am not quite certain. The day on which my compulsory visit to it took place was perfection of its kind—a sunny, cloudless day in August. It had been arranged that I was to meet at ten o'clock, at one of the hotels, some friends who had asked me to make one of their party on a day's excursion to Chatsworth, and these friends were sadly unpunctual. For nearly three hours was I forced to wander about these dreary streets, gazing into shop windows which were the least inviting that it has ever been my fortune to see, and into human faces about which the same remark might be made. Once I was on the brink of making a pilgrimage to Broadhead, to witness the ovation with which that monster is daily honoured. But the advice given me by a sulky landlord, to the effect 'that I had better keep off, as they had emptied two pails of whitewash over two gents who had come there to have a look three days ago,' was sufficient to deter me. I eschewed the hostelry of Broadhead, sulked about the streets, and anathematized my friends. Fortunately they came at last, and my Sheffield experiences were over.

From Sheffield to Chatsworth is a distance of some dozen miles along a very charming road. A beautiful drive it is, and beautifully diversified is the scenery through which one passes. Perhaps not the least striking fact which impresses

you as you journey onwards is that the manufacturing magnates of Sheffield have a remarkably good eye for picturesque building situations. At every turn you come across villas and country houses, from which these mighty capitalists drive each morning to their business in the aforementioned town, erected just on those very spots which, above all others, one would choose—on the gradual slopes of hills, with commanding views of wood, valley, and water. As might be supposed, most of these houses are quite new; but they are in surprisingly good taste, nothing glaring about them, nothing vulgar. Money, however, will do most things, and it will certainly purchase taste, or the results of good taste. *Apropos* of this subject, most people, I imagine, have heard the story of the newly-developed commercial *Cresus*, who, when buying books for the shelves of his library by the yard, was in doubt how to have them bound with sufficient gorgeousness. 'Better have them bound in Russia,' suggested some friend at his elbow. 'Russia!' was the ready rejoinder, 'hang Russia! have 'em bound in London, of course.' But there is none of this ignorance displayed in the external ordering of these villas. The buildings themselves, their sites, the gardens and terraces by which they are surrounded, are all faultless.

But we drive onward. The fifth milestone is reached, and country houses cease altogether. No more elegant villas in their trim enclosures. The view is changed. Nothing on either side of the road—to quote two lines of Miss Ingelow's, which have been justly called a poem in themselves—but

'An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom.'

Far away into the dim distance, broken here and there by grey crags of rock, the purple and golden waste stretches. Often you may see glistening in the sunshine some gentle little waterfall, or some winding stream. A delicious breeze wafts the rich odours of the furze and of the heather, 'smelling of the

morning,' to you, and at every breath you seem to drink in fresh draughts of health and strength. Now and then, too, you may hear the sharp crack of the gun, for the festival of St. Grouse—to add a new saint to the sporting Pantheon—came more than a month ago; and if you look closely, you may descry certain fawn-coloured bodies in motion afar off, which tell you that the dogs are there. This is the kind of road, very serpentine, and not a little hilly in its nature, which you have for miles. Suddenly the heather ceases to slope down to the roadside, and is terminated by abrupt craggy descents of rock. The granite boulders spread themselves out so widely that they almost threaten to intercept the path, and the rising mountains shut out the view. But by degrees the road leads you through what you had before, and you are brought to the brow of a hill. There is a view for you! for miles around the country may be seen, that is, if the sky is clear. On the day on which I looked a rich golden haze was suffused over the whole landscape, so that I am precluded from the possibility of description. To the left, at the bottom of the hill, is a lodge-gate—one of the lodges of Chatsworth. Beyond is the village of Baslow. Yonder is the inn: not that painfully-new edifice, built and managed upon improved principles, embodying less comfort and necessitating a heavier disbursement of capital, but that ivy-clad hostelry, just where the road bends, bearing the sign of the Peacock.

We dismount, a party of six of us. We are shown into the most delightful little sitting-room conceivable, redolent of flowers, opening out on to a lawn very closely shaven, where you may play bowls or croquet, or both at a time, if you like, as long and as often as you think fit. We are rather hot, and very thirsty, and they make excellent cider cup at the Peacock. As certain as it is that two and two make four, so certain is it that bibulous humanity will refresh itself with the cider-cup if it gets the opportunity. The silver tankard is

brought; we drink; we are refreshed, and ready for our two-mile stroll to Chatsworth.

A stroll through a glorious park, whose circumference is rather more than eleven miles—only four miles less than that of the Phoenix at Dublin—under grand old oaks and ‘immemorial elms.’ Cattle, sheep, and deer abound on all sides, and as you walk along you catch glimpses of I know not how many different kinds of landscape. Here there are delicious lawns, that seem, as you tread upon their verdure, to be carpeted with velvet; here there are wild tracks of fern and heather; and here rugged cliffs, occasionally rising to a height of more than a hundred feet, crowned, as to their summits, with fir plantations. If you look to the right you will see the brawling stream of the Derwent, while straight before you rise the Derbyshire hills. That rather fantastic building which stands at those graceful iron gates inside the park, and which, painted as it is with divers colours, looks something between a Swiss cottage and a Chinese pagoda, is the lodge which guards the entrance to Barbrook Hall, the charming residence of Lady Paxton, widow of Sir Joseph Paxton, who formerly occupied the position of estate agent and landscape-garden projector to the Duke of Devonshire. The tower built on the hills nearly opposite Barbrook is known by the name of the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots. Suddenly a bend in the road brings us full in view of Chatsworth House itself. A ‘house’ it is modestly styled, but it is, in fact, a palace. It was Chatsworth of which her Majesty, on the occasion of her visit thither in 1843, said to the Duke of Devonshire, that she did not know any one of her subjects had such a palace as his residence. It was of the conservatories and pleasure-grounds at Chatsworth of which the Iron Duke subsequently remarked: ‘I have travelled Europe through and through, and witnessed many scenes of surpassing grandeur on many occasions, but never did I see so magnificent a *coup d’œil* as that extended before me.’ None of the Cavendish family

are at home, and before the great gates stand three or four capacious vehicles — one scarcely knows whether to call them drags or vans — which have brought over a band of holiday makers from Matlock, whom you may see, not a hundred yards off, banqueting *al fresco* beneath the grand old trees, for the Duke of Devonshire throws open the park during the summer season of the year to any one who pleases to come thither, without respect of persons.

We rather congratulate ourselves on having come after these good people have made their inspection of the house and gardens, for sightseeing in a crowd is not a pleasant ordinance. ‘I should like Chatsworth a great deal better,’ remarks a gentleman of our number, who has been there often before in the capacity of lionizer-in-chief, ‘if it did not involve the expenditure of so many different half-crowns;’ a comment in which there is a certain amount of truth. Half-crown number one is prospectively disposed of to the porter at the lodge, who relieves us of our sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, after which little ceremonies, and a walk across a court-yard, we are entrusted to the tender mercies of a housekeeper.

But before anything further is said, it may not be amiss to give a brief account of the historical antecedents of Chatsworth and its owners. At the time of the Norman survey, the manor of Chatsworth was the property of the Crown, under the custody of one William de Peverel. For some generations subsequently it was in the possession of a family named Leche, or Leech, one of whose most illustrious members was Sir Philip Leech, known in history as treasurer for the wars of France, Governor of Rouen, Monceaux, and Newcastle. About 1500, Chatsworth was purchased by a certain direct lineal descendant of Robert de Gernon, who came over to England with the first William—Sir William Cavendish. The gallant baronet was sufficiently fortunate to win the heart and hand of the celebrated beauty, the great heiress of Hardwick, a step which

made him possessor of a very large estate in the county. It was, I suppose, on the strength of this that he commenced the building of Chatsworth. But before one wing was completed he died. Lady William Cavendish, his widow, married the Earl of Shrewsbury, and as the noblest monument which she could erect to her husband, she finished one quadrangle with its many turrets. During this time Chatsworth acquired many rich historical associations. For fourteen years it was almost the sole home of Mary Queen of Scots. It was, too, in the month of October, 1570, that there alighted at the gates of Chatsworth House Sir William Cecil (Lord Burleigh) and Sir Walter Mildmay. They were the bearers of certain messages from her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth; and for twenty days these ministers stayed at Chatsworth, endeavouring to bring the negotiations between the two queens to a satisfactory conclusion. There is preserved to this day amid the archives of the Cavendishes, in the great library at Chatsworth, a letter, written by Queen Elizabeth 'with her own hand,' thanking the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury for the hospitable entertainment of her favourite minister, the Earl of Leicester. Then came the Civil Wars, and more than once in these Chatsworth occupies a prominent place. More than once was it held as a fortress, and more than once did the troops stationed there do good service for their king. The Earl of Newcastle rescued it from the hands of the Roundheads who had temporarily occupied it; and, successively to him, Colonel Eyre and General Shalcross held the great hall.

The first Earl of Devonshire was William Cavendish, second son of the baronet of that name, whose elevation to the peerage occurred in 1613. Ever since the days of these Cavendishes, who were renowned, some of them for their nautical exploits, others for their consummate knowledge of law, each successive generation of the family has boasted some illustrious members. The second Earl of Devon-

shire was, in his early days, the pupil of no less a tutor than Thomas Hobbes, 'the author of a very wicked book with a very long name,' which said book was none other than the 'Leviathan.' For the satisfaction of those who may be fearful as to the religious or political tendency of one brought up under such circumstances, let it be stated that the second Earl of Devonshire was not only a most accomplished nobleman but a very staunch supporter of the correctest forms of church and state. And as much might be said for his son, who succeeded him. In 1694 the fourth earl was created first duke. His grace occupies a very striking place in political history. It was a time of trouble and unrest. Plots for the restoration of popery and despotic government at home were abroad. The first Duke of Devonshire, while yet earl, stands forth as a zealous supporter of civil and religious liberty, and is one of the most influential of those who signed the invitation to William, Prince of Orange. It is also the period of the first duke's possession which marks the second great stage in the architectural history of Chatsworth. The work, which had been commenced in 1500 by Sir William Cavendish, and continued by his daughter, was brought to a princely perfection. He not merely completed the south wing, but, to quote the words of an old chronicler, 'seeing public affairs in a happier settlement, for a testimony of ease and joy' he added a new quadrangle of stately dimensions. He called in the aid of all the most eminent artists and sculptors of the day to decorate the state apartments, and died with a good heart, leaving, as a legacy to some future descendant, the entire completion of the task. There have been many illustrious Cavendishes between the first duke and the present possessor of Chatsworth. There was the Hon. Henry Cavendish, famous in the scientific world as one of the greatest disciples of Sir Isaac Newton, and a store of whose writings may be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1766. The present duke is the eldest son of the fifth

duke, and his mother was none other than 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' 'round whom,' Macaulay tells us, on the occasion of Warren Hastings's trial, 'there shone those ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury.' The present illustrious possessor of Chatsworth it is who has given the finishing stroke to the grandeur of the Palace of Peak, as Chatsworth may be, and is, without any exaggeration, called. A huge wing, 385 feet in length, has been projected from the east front; and, at the advice of the architect employed, Sir Jeffreys Wyatville, a variety of alterations and additional improvements have been made. The northern entrance to Chatsworth is through a kind of Italian tower; east and west run the great wings, the sides of which, with other intersecting wings, form quadrangles and courts. We have now passed through one of these, and, as was before stated, and as the reader, perhaps, will kindly imagine, have been handed over to the care of one of the housekeepers in the entrance-hall.

There seems to be a kind of regulation tone which these eight-showers think it necessary to adopt. It appears to be indispensable that every sentence of explanation with which they favour you should be marked by a strong nasal twang, and shall be uttered in one breath. These certainly are the conversational characteristics of the good woman who condescends at present to lionize us. 'This,' she obligingly informs us, 'is the Derbyshire marble, and that is the Indian canew' (I write, so far as the housekeeper is concerned, phonetically). We advance and we find ourselves in a gallery which looks down upon the great hall, and which serves as the connecting link between the old and new parts of the house. The frescoes here are simply magnificent, and they are from the hands of Verrio and Laguerre. Their subjects are the 'Passing of the Rubicon by Julius Caesar' (as our cicerone described it, it sounded very like the 'Passing

of the Rubric by Judas the Czar'), and several other events in the life of the great Roman general. Next comes the region of picture galleries. The south gallery principally contains sketches of Claude Lorraine, Titian, Raphael, Carracci, Correggio, Salvator, Rubens, and a host of others. Other galleries there are—the north, and the east, all hung with paintings of the principal European masters. The Dukes of Devonshire have one after the other been great picture collectors, and in these galleries are seen the accumulation of centuries of laborious striving after artistic treasure. Ward's celebrated painting of 'Bolton Abbey in the olden Time' is in the Chatsworth collection. Bolton Abbey, by-the-by, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. On the two walls fronting that on which 'Bolton Abbey' hangs, are five or six pictures, all well known, from the brush of Sir Edwin Landseer—'Dignity and Impudence,' 'The Beggar's Petition,' &c.

But the great glory of Chatsworth is its 'State Rooms'—a suite of some half-dozen splendidly-decorated apartments; and it is these to which, after an inspection of the already-mentioned apartments, that we are led. Here, again, all the ceilings of the exceedingly lofty rooms are adorned with superb frescoes from the brushes of the same artists as those who have decorated the great hall—Verrio and Laguerre. As for their sides, they principally consist of the most perfect carving in wood ever witnessed, except, perhaps, that in Trinity College Chapel, Oxford, which, by-the-by, is from the same hand as that to which the Chatsworth *chef's d'œuvre* are usually accredited—Gibbons. It is most probable, however, that much of the elaborate carving at Chatsworth was performed by Watson, the native genius of Derbyshire. Every manner of thing is here depicted—birds, fishes, clusters of fruit; and as you look at the partridges and the snipes depicted before you, it is difficult to fancy that if you touch them you will not find soft, downy plumage instead of unyielding wood. There are but few articles of furniture in

most of these rooms,—some old and precious cabinets, and in one a bedstead, the tapestried drapery of which was worked by the fair Queen of Scots. With tapestry, too, the sides of this room, as of one or two others, are hung; and when I say that it is superior in execution to the tapestry seen either at the South Kensington Museum, or at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, some idea of its surpassing beauty may be formed. The last of the State Rooms contains a gorgeous table consisting of one solid slab of malachite, a gift to the Duke of Devonshire—who was nominated to the embassy of congratulation when the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne—from the Russian Empress. The view from this suite of chambers is superb—a magnificent avenue of trees, a lake beyond, and beyond that in the vast distance the bold outline of the Peak range.

'Would you like to see the chapel?' was the inquiry of our guide. 'Certainly' and to the chapel, accordingly, we proceed. As you enter this you are met by a delicious odour. On looking round you see that the whole building is lined with cedar wood. Here, too, the carving, as in the state apartments, is exquisite. The altar-piece is by Verrio, and represents the incredulity of St. Thomas. On either side stands a statue of Faith and Charity by Cibber.

At this period of our tour, as the housekeeper above mentioned seemed to be expecting us to make our departure, we asked the question—

'Is this all that we can see?'

A little hesitation on the part of our cicerone, a little gentle dallying with the bunch of keys in her hand, and then the answer—

'Well, sir, we don't *generally* show any more.'

But here one of us by a kind of galvanic movement happened to insert his fingers in his waistcoat-pockets, and to move some loose coin which were lying there. The hint was taken.

'You know, sir, if you particularly wish to see the other rooms you can.'

To the other rooms we duly went. And first to inspect the drawing-rooms. Of these there are three,

and the billiard-room forms one of the same suite. The large drawing-room is about fifty feet long, thirty broad, and perhaps twenty high. It is lined, as indeed are the others—a fact which constitutes their principal feature—with very rich silk brocade of different colours. A few, not many, pictures decorate its walls: there is a great deal of statuary about, and there are some very beautiful specimens of agate and malachite tables in all these rooms.

From the drawing-rooms we were led into the large dining-hall. The ceiling is divided into a number of compartments or panels—*Jaqueata tecta*, Horace would have called them—ornamented with figures and divers devices carved in gilt upon a ground of white. To the room itself there are two entrances, one between columns of Sicilian jasper, the other between columns of Italian marble. As for the chimney-pieces—there are a couple of them—they are of a kind to be seen nowhere else. Their material is the marble of Carrara; the artists who have executed them are the younger Westmacott and Sievier. Those of my readers who care about financial statistics may be interested in hearing that the cost of each fireplace was about two thousand guineas. A Bacchus, and a Bacchante surrounded by children, all the size of life, are portrayed in both. Here, again, the tables are superb—marble, granite, agate. On the same floor as the grand dining-room—indeed in a straight line with it—is the library, nearly one hundred and twenty feet long. An anteroom it has at each end, one called the 'ante-library,' the other the 'cabinet library.' The ceiling is decorated by paintings by Louis Charon, a French religious refugee. A gallery runs round the length and breadth of the room. Bookcases divided into compartments by semicircular metallic pilasters, of nine feet and three feet alternately in breadth, line every portion of the walls. One side there is a magnificent chimney-piece of Carrara marble, surmounted by a mirror six feet by four feet six inches. Altogether the effect given

by this room is one of superb richness. I have said nothing about the volumes which the library contains; but as at the time we were in the room there happened to be an elderly gentleman busily engaged in cataloguing them, who we were told had been similarly employed for three weeks, and whose work was not yet half completed, it might seem idle to essay the task.

But description of the Palace of the Peak is really an endless business; and an inventory of what one sees there can give but a very poor idea of the *tout ensemble*. You might just as well hope to gain a true knowledge of the nature of poetry by analyzing what you conceive to be its component parts, as to discover what Chatsworth is like by reading over a catalogue of its contents. Enough will have been said to convey an impression to the reader that the scale upon which everything is to be witnessed, and the splendour of the workmanship displayed are at any rate things to be surprised at. Much of what I saw I must forbear to mention in detail. There were various other rooms into which the housekeeper, who had by this time thawed into communicativeness, showed us; but if I were to describe them I should be merely, in great measure, repeating myself. What need either is there to dilate upon each step of the magnificent stone and oak staircases, and the rows of family likenesses which overhang them?

We pass through the sculpture-room, out of which leads the ball-room: we have only time very superficially to investigate all the works of art which it contains—the *chef d'œuvre* of Westmacott, Thorwaldsen, and I know not how many others,—the colossal vase, twenty feet in circumference, formed from one entire block of Swedish granite, and sculptured at Berlin by Bartelma; the rare and unique specimen of Labrador felspar, embedded in a margin of porphyry, and so much else. We are now in the orangery, the end door of which opens out into the garden; and here we take leave of our friend the housekeeper, not forgetting a hand-

some doseur, to entrust ourselves to the tender mercies of the gardener, who happens to be opportunely waiting.

The only way in which these could be in any way described in the short space still remaining to your contributor would be by adopting a narrative of the kind which found favour in the well-known Mr. Alfred Jingle, — smooth-shaven lawns, shrubberies, fountains, rocks, waterfalls, flowers, fragrance, sunshine, shade, &c. &c. Of what these gardens are like, of their extent, of the perfection with which they are kept, some idea may be formed when I have said that the number of gardeners in regular employ at Chatsworth are one hundred and twenty. The fruit and vegetable gardens extend over twelve acres, and are furnished with five-and-twenty hot-houses.

Past a magnificent group of flower-beds, we are led to the foot of an artificial waterfall, or rather series of waterfalls. Just at present the water does not happen to be turned on; but our guide is obliging. He gives a mysterious whistle, which communicates with some unseen agent. 'The falls,' we are told, 'will soon be full.' We wait a few minutes, and then we hear a kind of gurgling echo: it is the water in the distance. Another minute, and then along the whole gradual descent of more than a hundred feet the stream comes, making at each separate step a species of tiny cataract. The effect is charming. Seen from one of the library windows it has the appearance of being one continuous sheet of water. This, however, is but the first of marvels. You walk on: on each side of you are rocks towering occasionally to a height of a hundred feet or so. They are all artificial. Under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Paxton they have all been placed in their present position. The stream which you see leaping down the crags flows not by nature but by art. If you look up you will see a large plantation of pine trees. Well, beyond that is the Chatsworth reservoir, and from this reservoir all the water comes.

On still we wend our way, till at

last we come to a kind of grotto. But there is a path cut. We follow it: suddenly our progress is stopped by a huge boulder of rock thrown straight athwart our track. 'Can we get no further?' we ask. But wait one moment. That immense stone revolves on a kind of pivot. A lady's hand pushes it and it moves aside. Through the aperture thus made we go. That huge building of glass yonder is none other than the big conservatory which covers something more than an acre, and which is the model of the building of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is filled with different exotic trees and plants; and yonder stands a coco-nut tree which has been compelled to undergo the process of decapitation, because it was outgrowing the height of the building.

Back we wend our way, past the French, the Italian, and the Persian gardens, through thick shrubberies; now looking into other conservatories, and now looking down upon crystal-clear pools, whose depths are stocked with gold and silver fish and trout. The stream of Derwent is chattering near. The trees are tinged with the gold of sunset; and here we are back once again at

the great gates through which we originally entered. We bid adieu to our agricultural Mentor; we reclaim our umbrellas, &c.; we disburse more half-crowns, and we have seen Chatsworth.

Again we are at the Peacock inn: our dinner is ready for us in the same charming room mentioned already. We are hungry, and we do justice to what is placed before us. The moon is up before we leave the little village. We can only dimly descry the outline of the Derbyshire hills in the distance, on our return journey. But we have carried away with us mental pictures which in spite of the shades of evening we can still see clearly enough—pictures of endless suites of gorgeous rooms, of rare statuary, of antique carving, of gold tapestry brocade; pictures of never-ending parterres of shrubs, and trees, and flowers; pictures of the glorious park in which the great philosopher of the 'Leviathan,' not less than the luckless Mary loved to roam; pictures that no other mansion in England could have imprinted on our memories save the Palace of the Peak—the Home of the Cavendishes.

THE FALCONER'S LAY.

The Song of the Hawker.

To horse! to horse! the bolts that bar
The gates of light have been withdrawn;
Veiled Eos speeds her rosy car,
And fires the saffron bed of dawn.
The night hath lost the stars, her eyes,
And gropes for darkness as she may;
She droops, she faints, and swooning dies
Shadeless upon the breast of day.

A silken network binds the moor,
Woven by fairy hands in sport,
And dew-pears stud the dancing floor
Where revelled sweet Titania's court.
Nature without her robes is fair;
Though sulky flowerets pine for spring,
An unseen song is in the air,
And floating game is on the wing.



Drawn by Birket Foster.]

THE FALCONER'S INN



ALCOBER'S LAY.

[See the Verses.

We scorn the sportsman's laggard gun,
Who beats the autumn copsees round;
We take our quarry from the sun,
And bring the spoils of heaven to ground.
Space hath scant space that does not yield
A place for our preserves on high;
We fence with clouds our hunting field,
And draw the covers of the sky.

Then, comrades all, to horse! to horse!
Leave Jane and Margery in the lurch;
The hounds are ready for the course;
Cast are the falcons to the perch.
Even as we wait our leader's horn
Echoes along the river bed;
And steering southward through the morn
The wild fowl cackle overhead.

To horse! to horse! our hawks are fair,
And huge of wing, and large of beak,
The heron to surmount in air,
Or bind him in the plashing creek.
The wild duck fears their fatal stoop,
And plover of the golden crown;
The rifled swan scarce 'bides their swoop,
And strews the breezes with his down.

We care not for the eagles famed
That slaughtered wolves for Kubla Khan—
Imperial birds, but ill-reclaimed,
Too grand for simple gentleman.
We leave gyrfalcons to the king;
The prince the tercel-gentle craves;
The clerk may of his musket sing;
The kestrel make mean sport for knaves.

We fly the falcon peregrine,
Whose race is known, and gentle blood—
Huzza! it comes, the welcome sign,
Our game is up behind the wood.
We slip the hood, we give the whoop,
We loose from silver bell, and bands;
A cast, a mount, an instant swoop—
We hold a wild duck in our hands.

With fawn and partridge, hern and hare,
Our board will amply garnished be:
A moment turn, ere home we fare,
And beat the seaward rocks with me.
My laneret hath not had a cast,
Trained well to bind unhurt the dove—
Brave bird, well done! he brings at last
A fluttering token for my love.

A. H. G.



EVERY-DAY ADVENTURES.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

No. III.—*A Night by Rail.*

IN the old coaching days the journey from London to Glasgow occupied a week. In these fast railway times you may breakfast in London in the morning and sup in Glasgow at night. Steam has reduced six days to twelve hours; but though time and space have, in a manner, been annihilated by the locomotive, our journeys are infinitely more wearisome than when we travelled by the slow, plodding coach. The reason of this is, I suppose, the want of variety in a railway journey; the irksome consciousness that we, the passengers, are not free agents, and the ever-recurring sense of danger. There is no pleasure in railway travelling, and the passenger, from the very beginning of his journey, is wishing himself at the end of it. His impatience to reach his destination far outruns the locomotive. We call it a snail's pace when the train is going at the rate of only thirty miles an hour. Thirty miles an hour! Why, in the coaching days we would have called that flying. Coaching had many charms. It afforded the passenger time to view the scenery through which the road lay; it carried him among picturesque scenes of every variety, unlike the railway, which systematically chooses the flats and levels; it allowed of pleasant stoppages at roadside inns, and rest and refreshment for both body and mind at the close of day when the journey was suspended until next morning. What a treat it would be to make the journey from London to Glasgow by coach; but it is a treat we can never enjoy any more. We must travel by the tiresome railway!

I have tried all kinds of devices to relieve the tedium of the autumn journey to Scotland. I began by travelling at night. I never could sleep, and the journey was all the more irksome because of the dark-

ness. The eye could neither rest nor amuse itself. Next time I tried another experiment. I had noticed—as you may have noticed, reader—that one is apt to become drowsy immediately after an exceedingly good dinner, with exceedingly good wine, in a slightly exceeding quantity. I thought it might answer my purpose if I took an exceedingly good dinner, &c., just before starting. The experiment failed. I was ready enough to be drowsy when I rose from the table, but the excitement of leave-taking, seeing that my 'things' were all right, hurrying to the station in a cab, and fussing about to obtain a carriage in which there were no ladies or surly objectors to tobacco, shook off the disposition to sleep, and when the train moved out of the terminus I was painfully wide awake.

On the next occasion I took my sleep-compelling refreshment immediately on entering the carriage; that is to say, I tried to take it. But I found I couldn't take enough. You cannot eat a hearty meal in a railway carriage; you cannot drink even an ordinary allowance of wine or other liquor unless you pour it desperately down your throat, like a man taking poison. I mean that you cannot *enjoy* food and drink on a journey; you can only take 'bites' and 'sups' now and then, and those bites and sups do you no good.

At length, however—it was only the other day—by a well-devised scheme I hit upon a plan for relieving the tedium of the journey and making the long day, locked up in a rapidly-rolling box, appear short and pleasant. Here is the receipt for an agreeable railway journey. We made up a party of four; we tipped the guard and secured a carriage to ourselves, and when the train moved out of the terminus we set to work to divide the day into portions and pass our time system-

atically. We devoted the first hour to reading the newspapers and smoking; then, when we had exchanged papers and discussed the topics of the day, it was time for luncheon. We were well provisioned. One bag contained a couple of roast fowls, another a raised pie, a third was well stocked with champagne—cold beef and bottled beer will answer the purpose tolerably well. One of our party was an American officer who served under General Grant during the last American war.

As we were putting away the remains of the lunch this officer told us that General Grant was somewhat impatient of long-drawn-out meals, because he was always anxious to get to his cigar. He was wont to say when he rose from the table, 'Thank heaven I have laid the foundation of another good smoke.' So it occurred to us that we had laid the foundation of another good smoke, and we smoked accordingly. Stopping at a station about a hundred miles from London we took in 'Punch' and 'Fun,' and had a good laugh. The perusal of these publications set the comic man of our company asking comdrums and making rhymes without reason, which proved to be a contagious complaint. We all caught it and, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, 'If there was not more wit among us than usual there was at least more laughter.'

After this we set ourselves down to a game of whist, having duly provided ourselves with a pack of cards and a board to form a whist-table. There is no time-killer like whist, when the players are tolerably skilful and the points are worth playing for—not too high, but just high enough to give an interest to the game. The guard, whom we had tipped, and who zealously guarded us from intrusion, came frequently to look in upon us while we were engaged with the 'devil's bukis,' as they call them ayeont the Tweed; and we noticed something in his manner which seemed to imply that we were doing wrong, requiring him, the guard, to be 'squared.' So we squared him with

half a tumbler of champagne, which, he said, was rather better than ginger-beer, meaning no disrespect to our champagne, but covering ginger-beer, at its best, with ineffable contempt. There was no necessity whatever to put the guard in good humour towards us with champagne. We were doing no wrong in playing cards, and we might have played cards in spite of all the by-laws and the whole board of directors; but we were conscious of being in unworthy compact with the guard with respect to other matters. We had bribed him to keep people out of our carriage and to wink at our smoking. Thus we had given him power over us. The moral will be obvious.

The cards whiled away the time pleasantly until we arrived at Preston, where, twenty minutes being allowed, we entered the station and dined. The dinner was good—rather too substantial perhaps—and we had plenty of time to eat it. On returning to our carriage—which we had marked for ready recognition by sticking a piece of white paper on the side window—we settled down to dessert. There was still some champagne left, and one of the bags yielded walnuts and pears (we regretted that we had not brought a bottle of claret). We then took an after-dinner nap and woke up at Carlisle to find tea ready. After tea we took in some Scotch newspapers and learned the latest doings of the Court at Balmoral. Mr. Disraeli, we were told, was in attendance, dining every day with the Queen. We wondered if her Majesty and her prime minister ever talked about the Irish church, or if there was a tacit understanding between them never to allude to the subject. After this another game of cards brought us to Glasgow without weariness, and not only that but utterly indifferent to the supper which was awaiting our arrival. This receipt for making a long railway journey agreeable, or perhaps I ought to say not absolutely disagreeable, is, possibly, a little like some of the cookery-book receipts, which tell the poor housekeeper 'to take a turkey and dress him

with truffles, cream-sauce, and pistachio nuts; but, as I have already said, bottled beer may be substituted for champagne and cold beef for fowl. The value of the plan lies in systematically dividing the day and engaging yourself in a variety of employments. The plan will be found to answer admirably at sea.

I always think that Glasgow is wonderfully like London. Buchanan Street is Regent Street, Argyle Street is Oxford Street. The Clyde is the Thames, embanked on both sides. There is a Middlesex side and a Surrey side. The stir and bustle of business about Argyle Street are quite as great, or apparently so, as in the Strand or Cheapside, London. The striking difference is the purely business-like character of the street bustle in Glasgow. In London there is always a considerable element of sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking in the crowds that move through the streets. In Glasgow it is all business; a continual going to and fro for the purpose of making and mending, buying and selling. It seems to me that there is a good deal of iron in the composition of Glasgow; but as I am hurrying farther north on my present adventure, I will leave the lions of Glasgow until another occasion.

Perth. I had often stopped a few minutes at Perth on my journey north, but only to take refreshments and change carriages. On the present occasion I was resolved to explore the town. The name of this town has always been associated in my mind with Sir Walter's 'Fair Maid.' I conceived it to be a pretty, picturesque, clean town. I found some picturesque bits of scenery on the Tay, but the town itself was far from coming up to my fair ideal. The houses are dingy, the streets narrow and dirty, and the waters of the Tay are black and foul. I thought the statue of Sir Walter Scott the most melancholy effigy I had ever seen. The stench from the Tay at this spot was intolerable, and I was glad to hurry away. It is chiefly from its historical associations that Perth is interesting. The Tay and the North Inch carry you far back to the time when the

followers of Caesar took a fancy to the place because the river reminded them of the Tiber and the North Inch of the Campus Martius. Here, before the high altar of the church of St. John, King Edward III. of England stabbed his brother the Duke of Cornwall. The county gaol stands on the site of Gowrie House, where King Jamie nearly fell a victim to the violence of the crafty Ruthven.

It is a short and pleasant journey from Perth to Dundee. As Perth was suggested to me by the 'Fair Maid,' Dundee is recommended by the well-known song 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.' Let us run over to Dundee.

The Dundee of to-day is not Bonnie Dundee in the sense that Jerusalem is 'the Golden,' Edinburgh 'mine own romantic town,' or Washington a 'city of magnificent distances,' for it combines the smokiness of Manchester with the dinginess of Hull. Some of its older streets are execrably bad: there is no other word for it. The celebrated Jacobite song, 'Up wi' the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,' refers, as most people know, to a very handsome soldier, famous in Scottish story, Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a man admired at least by his followers, who at all times were only too willing to throw up their bonnets at his stern bidding. This throwing up of the bonnets, by the way, is a favourite mode with the Scotch of expressing their great delight and giving vent to their exuberant spirits. Scotchmen are capable of exuberance of spirits. Burns on one occasion dined with Lord Daer. The poet was just beginning to come into public notice, and the event naturally was a red-letter day in the poor poet's calendar. He had been at many a feast he tells us,

'But w' a lord—stand out my shin,
A lord—a peer—an earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet!
And sic a lord—lang Scotch ells twa'
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet.'

Dundee was not always Dundee. In the Roman era it was called by the Gaelic name of Ailec—pleasant or beautiful; and the aspect of the

place, viewed from across the Tay, must have deserved the appellation. But the consumption of four hundred thousand tons of coal annually, or more than a thousand tons a day, is apt to mar the fairest landscape. This, then, was the ancient name of the town and the true origin of Bonnie Dundee. In the Latin annals of Hector Boethius it is Alectum; Buchanan names it Taodunum (Hill of Tay), and in several ancient records it is variously called Dondie, Dondie, and Donum Dei, which last is now the motto of the burgh. Few places have a more interesting history. From a fishing village it grew into a fortress, with walls and gates and a castle. Several kings of Scotland made it their place of residence. In various civil wars Dundee suffered severely, being repeatedly plundered and burned. When, in 1645, it was sacked and burned, it was one of the richest towns in Scotland; and when, after a siege of six weeks, it was taken by General Monk, sixty vessels in the harbour were laden with the spoil. In 1659 Claverhouse made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to plunder the place, on which occasion, as the song records,

' And the provest (douce man) cried "E'en let
it be,
For the town is weel rid of that de'il of
Dundee."

Remains of the ancient defences still exist, and the narrow passes known as Nethergate, Overgate, Murraygate, and Seagate, recall bygone days and events. Speaking of bygone events, an extraordinary proceeding took place at the old market cross which stood in the Seagate; the spot is now marked by a ring in the causeway. On the 10th of June, 1714, the magistrates walked in procession to the cross, and after 'in a solemn manner' drinking the Pretender's health under the title of King James VIII., one of the bailies 'cursed his Majesty King George, and prayed God to damn his blood,' for which emphatic outburst of zeal for the Chevalier the worthy bailie was brought to trial. The result is not recorded. The corporation at a

subsequent period went as far the other way. The magistrates, about the year 1790, became such decided converts to the doctrines of the French Revolution and the teaching of Tom Paine that, it is said, they publicly burnt the Bible and planted the tree of liberty in the streets. Strange proceedings truly in a town which at the period of the Reformation was pro-eminently distinguished for its Protestant enthusiasm. It was at Dundee that George Wishart, the martyr, first distinguished himself as a preacher of the reformed doctrines, and the ardour with which Dundee heard his preaching earned for it, we are told, the title of 'the Second Geneva.' Wishart ministered at one of the city gates called the Cowgate Port, which is still entire. But the good folk of Dundee seem to have blown hot and cold by turns in the matter of religion. Now it was 'Up wi' the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee' for the reformed religion, and now 'up wi' the bonnets' for popery. Prior to the Reformation, and when the population was, comparatively speaking, a mere handful, there were no fewer than ten Catholic churches, four monasteries of friars, grey, black, and red, and a nunnery. In the matter of loyalty, however, the inhabitants were less fickle. They gave a steadfast adherence to the Stuarts throughout. They filled up their cups and their cans with commendable consistency, and the annals of the burgh show that there were 'nae heel taps' in drinking that health. In this, however, the people of Dundee were only like the rest of Scotland, which was warmly attached to the house of Bonnie Charlie, and surely not without reason.

Dundee now ranks as the third town in Scotland in point of population, and the second in commercial importance. Its progress, especially of late years, has been something marvellous, if not unprecedented, in the history of British towns. Out of America there has, perhaps, been nothing like it. Mr. Gladstone, the other day, cited Middlesborough and Barrow as by far the most extraordinary examples of

European material and commercial progress that the length and breadth of the land could exhibit. The former place, he told us, has within the space of thirty years grown from a farmhouse into a place of twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand people, and Barrow has grown in less than ten years to nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. Very wonderful, undoubtedly, and all honour to Middlesborough and Barrow. But I think Dundee, with fewer natural advantages than either of these places enjoys—if, as Mr. Gladstone says, iron be a greater thing than cotton—can show as surprising results. Its strides have been equally gigantic. From 1831 to 1861 the population of Dundee increased from 45,000 to 96,000—or an increase of 51,000 in thirty years. The present population is computed at 120,000, which gives the extraordinary increase of 24,000 in six years. The first mill in Dundee was opened about the year 1792, and by the end of the century there were five mills in the town, containing about 2000 spindles. At the present time, seventy-two firms own spinning-mills or power-loom factories, or both, of 5822 horse-power, containing 202,466 spindles, and 7992 power-looms. In these works, 35,310 persons are employed; and the same firms also employ 6420 persons in handloom weaving, and in other departments, making a total of 41,550 persons employed by them. In addition to these firms, there are many manufacturers who have no power-looms, but the number of hand-loom weavers, winders, &c., employed by them has not been correctly ascertained. There are also many persons engaged in the public calenders, and in other auxiliary branches of the trade. The rapid extension which has taken place in the jute branch of the trade since the introduction of the article—little more than thirty years ago—is very wonderful. In 1836 the consumption of jute was about 300 tons; in 1841, 2400; in 1846, 9200; in 1851, 17,000; in 1856, 31,000; in 1861, 36,000; in 1862, 40,000; in 1863, 47,000; in 1864, 54,000; in 1865, 58,000; and in 1866, 62,000

tons. This year the consumption of jute will be about 65,000 tons. Including hemp, the consumption of material in Dundee is at present at the rate of about 90,000 tons a-year, and the cost of this material is about two and a-half million pounds sterling. In the district of which Dundee is the centre, there are now about 130,000 tons of flax, hemp, and jute consumed annually, the cost of which is about four and a-quarter million pounds sterling. In the district, excluding Dundee, there are 110 firms in the linen trade, employing steam or water power of the aggregate of 6290 horse-power, driving 191,452 spindles and 10,151 power-looms, and employing 28,875 persons. The only way of approximating to the quantity of yarn spun is by multiplying the spindles by the average daily spin of each. This gives a total of about 31,000,000 spindles for Dundee and 29,000,000 for the district, making together 60,000,000 spindles of yarn spun annually, which, at the average price of 2s. 3d. per spindle, gives a value of 6,750,000. It is estimated that the total value of the yarn and linen made in this town and throughout the district cannot be under 8,000,000. The capital invested in the spinning-mills and power-loom factories in Dundee is about 2,500,000.; and those in the district, 2,100,000.—together, 4,700,000. When the works now in course of erection are completed, which will be within a few months, they will bring up the total cost of the whole to 5,000,000. The amount invested in bleachworks, calenders, and other auxiliary branches of the trade cannot be less than 1,000,000. If to these sums be added the average value of the stock-in-trade in the hands of the spinners, manufacturers, and merchants, it will be within the mark to estimate the capital required to carry on the trade of Dundee and the district around at 10,000,000.

These figures—which we take from a paper read at the British Association's recent meeting—are exceedingly interesting as showing how wonderfully trade has expanded in 'Bonnie Dundee.'

Dundee is also celebrated for its marmalade. Few housewives, I presume, are ignorant of the name of Keiller. In the advertising world it is nearly as well known as that of Mappin, or Day and Martin, or Holloway. So important a branch of local industry has the manufacture of this favourite delicacy become on the banks of the Tay (where should marmalade be found if not near the Tay!) it was thought not unworthy of a paper at the meeting of the *sevens* before mentioned. It appears that the gentleman whose name is familiarly identified with the manufacture of marmalade first began it in Dundee. The demand, confined for a time to the town and neighbourhood, gradually extended over Scotland, then crossed the border to England and Ireland, making its way ultimately to the continent and to the colonies; and at present more than a thousand tons of the article are made in Dundee annually. For the production of this enormous load of sweetstuff upwards of three thousand chests of the finest bitter oranges are imported from Seville, to sweeten which two thousand tons of sugar, chiefly refined, are required. About four hundred persons are employed in the works, and the trade gives extensive employment to workpeople elsewhere. One of the Newcastle potteries, for example, is to a large extent engaged in turning out the well-known printed jars, of which about a million and a-half are required every year, costing upwards of 6,500*l.* About half a century ago the town was strong in the belief that there was nothing like leather, and it exported annually 7000*l.* worth of shoes. The manufacturers have since found that there is something better than even leather—jute, flax, and hemp, to wit—and the trade in 'beets and sheen' is now extinct.

Architecturally, Dundee is not

much of a place. It contains one or two good churches, an imposing High School, and a handsome post-office. The sloping hill-side in the direction of suburban Broughty Ferry is studded with elegant villas, which testify to the comfort and well-being of its numerous manufacturers. Reform Street is a thoroughfare of goodly aspect and proportions, but the majority of the streets have a mean and old-world look about them. Wherever you have a teeming population of mill-workers, you have necessarily much overcrowding, and poverty and dirt. Some of the poorer quarters of this town are poor enough in all conscience; and one cannot peep into the wretched homes of the thousands who are doomed to pass one half their existence amid the dust and din of a flax factory, and the other half in the still more vitiated atmosphere of these hovels, by courtesy called dwellings, and not feel how priceless a boon to such a population must be a green park and an open space. Thanks to the liberality of Sir David Baxter, one of her most successful manufacturers, Dundee can now boast of her park. The Baxter Park, about a mile out of the town, though not very extensive, is very prettily laid out, and tastefully planted. The Taw may be described as Dundee's other lung. This hill rises immediately behind the town to a height of some five hundred feet, and affords a fine view. Being the Primrose Hill of Dundee it is a favourite resort of the people. A local bard has written of Dundee in the following strain:—' Thy maids are the fairest; thy men are the bravest; thy merchants the noblest that venture to sea; and this their indenture—they prosper that venture, so joy to the commerce of bonnie Dundee.'



ANCIENT HOSTELRIES, AND THE MEN WHO
FREQUENTED THEM.

No. II.—*A Pair of Saracens' Heads, and other Obsolete Significances.*

THE bare mention of the Saracen's Head brings before us a picture of Mr. Wackford Squeers and the noblemen's and gentlemen's sons who were invited to the scholastic seclusion of Dotheboys Hall. We see him and the poor little wretches, who are regaled on stale bread and weak milk and water, and Nicholas and his uncle Ralph, and his sweet sister Kate, and honest burly John Browdie distributing his attentions to Yorkshire ham, and great meat pie—and his coquettish wife, until we confound the real with the ideal, and count among our frequenters of hostelries the men and women of fiction as well as of the living world. The sign of the Saracen's Head seems to have been as common in the streets of old London as that of the Red Lion or the King's Arms afterwards became. Selden, in his 'Table Talk,' gives an uncivil reason for it, where he says: 'Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with large, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is), when, in truth, they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit.' The number of Saracens' heads gradually diminished, however, and only the two representative hostelries under this hideous significance remained worthy of notice, both of them being distinguished for the ideal representation of the Saracenic countenance.

'At the Saracen's Head Tom poured in ale and wine.

Until his face did represent the sign,' says Osborne, in 1701; and an obnoxious Sergeant of the Compter is described in 1617, in Fennier's 'Counter's Commonwealth,' as having 'a phisomy much resembling the Saracen's Head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate,' perhaps referring to another sign of

the Bull and Mouth, a corruption of Boulogne Mouth or Harbour, which had been a sign in the time of Henry VIII., after the taking of Boulogne in 1544.

The two Saracens' Heads were that 'without Newgate' in the steep ascent of what has since been called Snow Hill, and the other close to Aldgate.

'Next to this church,' says old Stow, speaking of St. Sepulchre's, 'is a fair and large inn for the receipt of travellers, and hath sign the Saracen's Head.' While of the Aldgate hostelry, Strype says: 'Nearer Aldgate is the Saracen's Head Inn, which is very large and of a considerable trade.' Doubtless a theatre may have been held in the great inn yard of the Snow Hill hostelry, as there was in that of the Belle Sauvage, for in his jests, Tarlton makes one of his characters say, 'Methinks it fits like the Saracen's Head without Newgate.'

Now, however, the Saracens' Heads are buried beneath London improvements: Snow Hill itself has almost entirely disappeared, and only a few weeks ago the very plate and linen and furniture of the old hostelry were sold by auction. Its companion between Leadenhall Street and Aldgate ceased long ago to boast of receiving travellers, while its trade is now confined to the business of a carrier and other callings, to which its queer dingy old rooms have been adapted. The sign has disappeared, and in common with some other ancient hostelries in this outlying quarter of the old London that led to Blanche Chapelle, the Saracen's Head has been shorn of all its ancient glories.

There is, in fact, only one of the venerable inns of this quarter remaining in its pristine condition. The portals of the Black Bull still invite the custom of gentlemen 'representing' provincial manufacturers, and not a few jolly farmers may be seen sometimes on

Corn Market days in the cheerful twilight of its mahogany-furnished coffee-room: but the yard is almost silent, coaches no longer rattle with four-in-hand from under its gateway, and the silence, and perhaps even some of the decay of a ripe old age has settled down upon it. The only remaining representative of the olden time is the Three Nuns; but it has fallen upon evil days. The sign still confronts the visitor who cares to look for it, just beneath the gallery that runs round the inn yard; but the gallery itself is broken and falling with dry rot; the doors of the surrounding sleeping-rooms are closed; the windows are curtained with cobwebs and blinded with the soot and dust of a dozen summers; the coffee-room is desolate, the very bar is desecrated: its shelves and cupboards and queer old squat bottles and china bowls and cosy pigeon-holes—like the apparatus for performing convivial conjuring tricks—have been sold off; and nothing remains but one small room, probably 'the tap' of former times; where, as we may see by a bill plastered at the entrance gate, a harmonious meeting is held every evening and amateur vocalists are invited to attend. O tempora! O mores!

There was often something of the sensational in the literature of the signboards. Our ancestors were fond of significance as well as pictorial effect, and London once boasted two Devil taverns as well as two Saracens' Heads. One of them was close to Dick's, and was famous for having been the place where Wanley and Neve started the Society of Antiquaries. This, however, was of less note and of later reputation than the original, or 'old' Devil Tavern, which stood between Temple Bar and the gate of the Middle Temple, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church. So far from its sign being a profane one, it was adopted from the name of the church, and represented the operation performed on the nasal extremity of the Father of Lies by the sainted smith. Its appellation of 'Devil' being a vulgar abbreviation of the full title. Perhaps, no house of entertainment in London

was more famous than this resort of the wits of the Elizabethan age, except the Mermaid; while the Devil had the advantage of maintaining its reputation, until it was pulled down in 1788, and Child's place built upon the ground it had occupied.

It was rare Ben Jonson who gave the house its first reputation, for it was here that he held his celebrated Club in the great room known as the Apollo, a large and handsome saloon with a gallery for music. It was for the meetings of this Club that he composed the 'Leges Convivales,' one of which says *In sapientia nulla recitatur*, a suggestive rule illustrative of that vanity which was the jolly dramatist's foible. These rules were, according to one account, 'engraven in marble' and placed over the chimney; but the 'Tatler' describes them as 'in gold letters,' and either the original or a copy of them was preserved in Child's banking-house (gold letters upon panelling), together with the bust of Apollo which adorned the club room, over the door of which appeared a string of verse in praise of wine, or, at all events, containing exhortations to drink. The landlord of the Devil, Simon Wadlow, was the original of the song of 'Old Sir Simon the King,' and was the same man who, after the burning of the Royal Exchange, built the Sun Tavern at his own expense. The magnificence of this tavern was celebrated in the Luttrell ballads and broadsides, under the title of 'The Glory of the Sun Tavern behind the Exchange,' and Pepys in his diary, 28th June, 1667, says: 'Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publicly at Wadlow's at the Sun Tavern.'

The Devil was Ben Jonson's own special vantage-ground, however; he was monarch of all he surveyed there, and in the Club his word seems to have been law. Prin and Montagu in the 'Hind and Panther Transversed,' say, speaking of the tavern,

'Thus to the place where Jonson sat we climb,
Leaning on the same rail that guided him;'

and further on:—

'Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy fly their wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's
ray.'

While Pope alludes to it in the verse

'One likes no language but the "Faery Queen,"
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muse met him at the Devil.'

After Jonson the reputation of the ancient place was sustained, sometimes but indifferently, by his followers. Killigrew laid the scene of the 'Parson's Wedding' there, and Shadwell in his 'Bury Fair,' 1680, says, in the character of Old-wit, 'I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son in the Apollo.' Dryden in his 'Defence of the Epilogue,' treats the frequenters of the Devil with his serious irony. 'The memory of three grave gentlemen,' he says, 'is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and perhaps have fancy enough to give a supper in Apollo, that they might be called his sons.' This was part of the attack on Shadwell, which was carried on in the 'Vindication of the Duke of Guise,' where he says: 'I have hitherto contented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough in all conscience to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the old Devil, when he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones.'

The fame of the Devil tavern, indeed, seems to have been acknowledged during its whole history. Whitelock, who was the manager for the Music of the Triumph of Peace, one of Shirley's masterpieces, invited the 'four French gentlemen, the Queen's servants, to a collation at St. Dunstan's tavern, in the great room, the oracle of Apollo, where each of them had his plate layed for him, covered, and the napkin by it, and when they opened their plates, they found in each of them forty pieces of gould, of their master's coyne, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with the surprisall.' Poor Shirley, whose music cost so much to his

manager that the queen's servants might be gratified, died in 1666, on the same day as his wife also died of terror at the Great Fire of London; but the tavern survived that time, and in 1703 we hear of the Duchess of Richmond's jewels being sold there. The Apollo seems by that time to have become a sort of publichall, and the Poets Laureate rehearsed their Court odes there.

'Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And "Coll!" each butcher roars at Hockley
Hole,'

says Pope in the 'Dunciad,' while an epigram of the same period runs,

'When laureates make odes, do you ask of what
sort?
Do you ask if they're good or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they came to
the court.
And go from the court to the Devil.'

From Swift's 'Journal to Stella,' Oct. 12th, 1710, we learn how the savage satirist dined with Mr. Garth and Mr. Addison 'at the Devil tavern near Temple Bar, and Garth treated, and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters, for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day for new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members, six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused.'

There is a touch of uneasiness in this letter which seems to indicate that Swift was not over-comfortable at the Whig dinner.

One of the last, if not the last public reading which took place at the Devil was that of Kenrick, who delivered his Shakespeare lectures there in 1774; and probably the last literary convivial supper held in the old place was on the occasion when Dr. Johnson proposed to the Club in Ivy Lane to celebrate the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child there. It was an elegant entertainment for the celebration of an authoress's first published book, for the doctor had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he stuck with bay leaves, because Mrs. Lennox

had written verses, and beside that he had prepared a crown of laurel with which to encircle her brows after some ceremonies of his own invention, intended to represent an invocation of the Muses. The guests were Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and about eighteen friends and members of the Club. It would make an excellent picture for the next Academy Exhibition, this elephantine playfulness of the great lexicographer; and yet it is pleasant to think of him as he is described by Sir John Hawkins, who writes the account of the affair. 'The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of us had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before we could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street door gave the signal for departure.' It is a pleasant reminiscence with which to close the history of the old place, —a pleasant reminiscence, and perhaps its last, for in 1788 it was obliterated from the spot where it had been so long famous.

Almost equal in notoriety if not in fame was the Rose, not that which stood near to the Devil at the corner of Thanet Place, though that was celebrated enough. Its painted room is mentioned by Walpole in his letters to Cole of Jan. 26th and March 1st, 1776. Strype calls it 'a well-customered house with good conveniences of rooms and a good garden,' and Thomas Fairchild, who wrote 'The City Gardener,' published in 1722, says: 'At the Rose Tavern without Temple Bar there is a vine that covers an arbour where the sun very rarely comes, and has had ripe grapes upon it.'

VOL. XIV.—NO. LXXXIV.

Imagine such a retreat near Temple Bar now-a-days, and yet the fancy is not so difficult, for even yet the Temple is the one oasis in the great London wilderness; its gardens still bloom with flowers, and weary pedestrians still go to refresh themselves on the grass where the children play on summer evenings. It is not of the Rose by Temple Bar that we have to speak, however, but of one less secluded, less pleasant, less reputable—the Rose which once stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, next door to the old theatre of Drury Lane. Tokens were issued by the landlord of the Rose, who in the time of Charles II. was a man named Long, but the tavern itself was taken down in 1776, when Garrick enlarged the theatre, and the sign of the Rose was included in the new front, where it was enclosed in an oval medallion. The allusions to the Rose Tavern extend through the lighter literature of the century from the time of the Great Fire till within a year or two of the place being demolished; and it may be said to have been the trysting-place not only of the wild roysterers who went there to drink and sallied forth to commit all sorts of depredations, but also of the wits and players connected with the theatres.

'Sing the catch I taught you at the Rose,' says Sir Fred. Frolic in Etheredge's 'Love in a Tub,' published in 1669: and a year earlier than that Shadwell, in his 'Sullen Lovers,' makes Roger say, 'Oh, Mr. Woodcock! Poet Ninny is gone to the Rose Tavern] and bid me tell you.' In the same year (1668) gossipy old Pepys, who knew how to take such good care of himself, and preserved his coolness and consistent priggery through all the events of that time, enters in his 'Diary' on May the 18th: 'It being almost twelve o'clock or little more, to the King's playhouse, when the doors were not then open; but presently they did open, and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play so long expected, "The Mulberry Garden," of whom being so reputed a wit, all the world do

20

expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton off the spit, and dined all alone.' It was after this date that the Rose gained its worst reputation, when it became the resort of the Mohocks and the rest of those aristocratic blackguards who made the streets of London terrible by night in times when there was no efficient watch and the dim oil-lamps few and far between left all but the principal thoroughfares in darkness. These titled bullies and distinguished ruffians organised themselves into companies bearing different names, the Mohocks seeming to be the more general title. Sometimes rival societies were formed, such as the Scowlers, who preferred to band themselves together for the purpose of checking the Mohocks. These gentlemen are immortalised by Shadwell in his play of 'The Scowlers,' and the Rose Tavern is made the scene of their exploits; speaking of which one of the characters says: 'Puh, this is nothing; why I knew the Hectors and before them the Muns and the Tityre Tu's: they were brave fellows indeed. In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once but he must venture his life twice.' In the same play, 'Whackum, a City Scowler and imitator of Sir William Rant,' says, speaking of his patron and model: 'Oh, no; never talk on't. There will never be his fellow. Oh, had you seen him scowler as I did; oh, so delicately, so like a gentleman! How he cleared the Rose Tavern! I was there on law business, and he and two fine gentlemen came roaring in, the handsomeliest and the most genteelly turned us all out of the room, and swinged us and kicked us about. I vow to God 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.'

The depredations committed by these gentilities, and the impunity with which they maimed or murdered peaceable citizens, are recorded in the account of the trial of Sir Mark Cole and three other 'gentlemen' at the Old Bailey on the 6th

of June, 1712. They were charged with riot, assault, and beating the watch; and a paper containing a report of the trial says that these were 'Mohocks,' and that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm with a penknife so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner by setting them on their heads, and overset several coaches and chairs with short clubs loaded with lead at both ends, expressly made for the purpose. The prisoners, when called upon for their defence, denied that they were 'Mohocks,' but declared that they were 'Scowlers,' and that they had gone out with the sanction of a magistrate to scour the streets for the purpose of arresting 'Mohocks' and other offenders, and delivering them up to justice. They went on to say that on the very night in question they had attacked a notorious gambling-house and had taken thirteen men out of it; that while engaged in this useful duty intelligence had reached them that the Mohocks were in Devereux Street; that on proceeding thither they found three men desperately wounded lying on the ground, and that the watch came up and attacked them so that they were compelled to defend themselves. In order to exhibit the misconduct of the watch they called attention to the fact that on that same night Lord Hitchinbrooke, a peer of the realm, had actually been arrested, and that the constables were in the habit of taking savage dogs with them on their rounds. This defence may have been ingenuous perjury, or it may have happened that the four gentlemen were suffering for the sins of the Mohocks who had left the three wounded men upon the ground, but it is certain that the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Hectors, Muns, Tityre Tu's, and Scowlers had, under the general name of Mohocks, kept all quiet Londoners in such a panic that a royal proclamation had offered 100*l.* reward for the apprehension of any one of the Mohock fraternity. It is certain that the jury found

them guilty, and it is equally certain that the judge asserted the majesty of the law by fining each of the culprits the sum of *three shillings and fourpence*. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' asks :

* Who has not heard the Scowr'r's midnight
lament?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents
run;
How matrons, heaped within the hogshead's
womb,
Are tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb,
O'er the stone thunder'd, bounds from side to
side,
So Regulus, to save his country, died.'

The mention of Gay brings us back to the Rose and to the better part of the society that met in its rooms; not, however, without a glance at the awful tragedy which had its rise there on the 14th of November, 1712, when the infamous Lord Mohun met the Duke of Hamilton and the terms of that bloody duel were arranged between the seconds. Who has forgotten the admirable account of it in Mr. Thackeray's 'Easmond,' and who could hope to add anything to that pathetic story? The Rose was doubtless a comfortable as well as a celebrated resort, in spite of its evil connections, for it continued to attract the wits of the 'Augustan' period. Swift, in his verses on his own death, says—

'Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.'

The 'Speculator' gravely alludes to the 'excellent critick who goes punctually to the play, passes through New Inn exactly at five, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins, having his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.' It would require too much space to refer to all the allusions to this famous tavern, where the society of authors and actors, the light that shone on 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' was so strangely chequered with dark shadows. Here Wild-

brand Horden, the handsome and accomplished player, rising to the height of his profession, was killed at the tavern-bar in a frivolous quarrel with Colonel Burgess and his companions; and here George Powell spent great part of his time, priming himself with bumpers of Nantz brandy for his appearance upon the stage. Strangely contrasted were the men who frequented the Rose, and there must surely have been a sort of duality in the place itself; but better times dawned upon it before its memory only remained, so that the reminiscences may end well after all.

'Nay, faith,' says Johnson in Prior and Montague's "Hind and Panther reversed," 'we won't part so; let us step to the Rose for one quarter of an hour and talk over old stories.' To this Bayes responds, 'I ever took you to be men of honour; I will transgress as far as one pint.' Upon which his companion rejoins, 'Well, Mr. Bayes, many a merry bout have we had in this house.' No doubt of it, and the merry company continued to meet and the dramatists and poets to club verses there. One of their rosy songs has survived in the tolerably well-known ditty of 'Molly Mogg of the Rose'; for notwithstanding the evil reputation of the house in the way of murderous outrages and wild riot, there was a ministering angel there in the shape of a waitress or barmaid who was worthy even of a poetic celebration. There seems to be little doubt that she was as good as she was comely; and though the enthusiasm which prompted her praise in smoothly-flowing numbers may be attributable to her relation to the bowls and tankards of which her coming was the signal, we find that she is referred to again in the Welsh ballad called 'Gwinifrid Shones,' printed in 'The Choice,' a collection of songs published in 1733. There, speaking of Molly, it says—

'Some sing Molly Mogg of the Rose,
And call her the Oakingham pelle,
Whilst others does fernes compose
On beautiful Molle Lepelle.'

Molly Mogg was a native of Oakingham in Berkshire, whither she retired to spend the last years of

her life. At the time that Gay and his friends wrote their ballad, or at all events when the Welsh poet again referred to her fame, she must have passed the first bloom of youth; for we find in the record of her death, on Sunday, March 9th, 1766, ‘Mrs. Mary Mogg, greatly advanced in years, but in her youth a celebrated beauty and toast, possessed of a good fortune that she has left among her relations.’ Thus it will be seen that Miss Mogg remained single to the last; a determination with which her experience of the place where she had seen so much

of the evil disposition of mankind may have had something to do.

There is still a valuable memento of the Rose, and one which will enable us to imagine what some of the apartments were like in that celebrated hostelry. It is to be found in Hogarth’s third picture in the *Rake’s Progress*, the scene of which is laid in a room there. The fellow holding the candle and the pewter dish is Leathercourt, the well-known porter of the establishment at the time that the great painter made his drawing.

T. A.

THE DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES OF CAPTAIN MANNERING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘RUTH BAYNARD’S STORY,’ ‘THE ROMANCE OF CLEAVESIDE,’ &c. &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

WHAT WAS DONE.

THREE were only ourselves in the railway carriage, and opposite to me, silent, frightened-looking, but as beautiful as the day, was Lucy Lorimer. She held out her hand to me once, and gave me a timid sort of stare with questioning eyes, as if she would ask me what I thought of her—of her who was running away with a man whom a few days before she had never seen, and running away with him too in that sense of the phrase which meant that he was not running away with her, but submitting to orders, and obeying her openly-expressed and repeatedly-declared will.

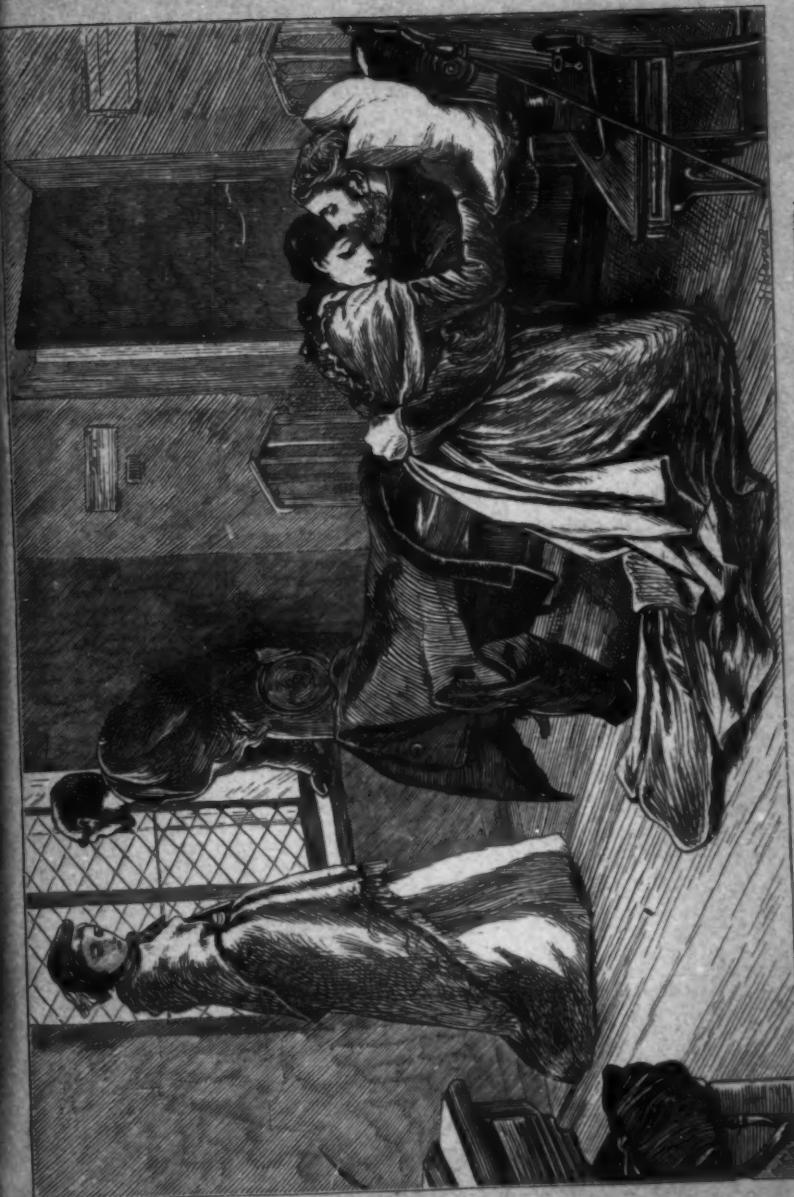
What could I think of her? asked those starry eyes from whose brilliant depths wonder and fear, hope and a longing anxiety kept raying up, and making her face quiver with the rapid changes from smiles to trembling tears. She held out her hand, and I kissed her pretty fingers; then she withdrew it in a hurry with a little shake of her arm, as if she were flinging away the

modest offering I had bestowed upon her.

I could not help saying, ‘You are more mysterious than ever, Lucy. Have you nothing to say to me?’ ‘Not yet.’ ‘May I talk to you?’ ‘No, no.’ ‘Why not?’ ‘Oh, you might talk nonsense.’ I laughed outright. Her face was a lovely picture of almost absurd terror. ‘Be quiet, be at rest,’ I said; ‘I will talk of the weather till we are in the respectable company of good Mrs. Brotherton.’ ‘I will talk before that,’ she said.

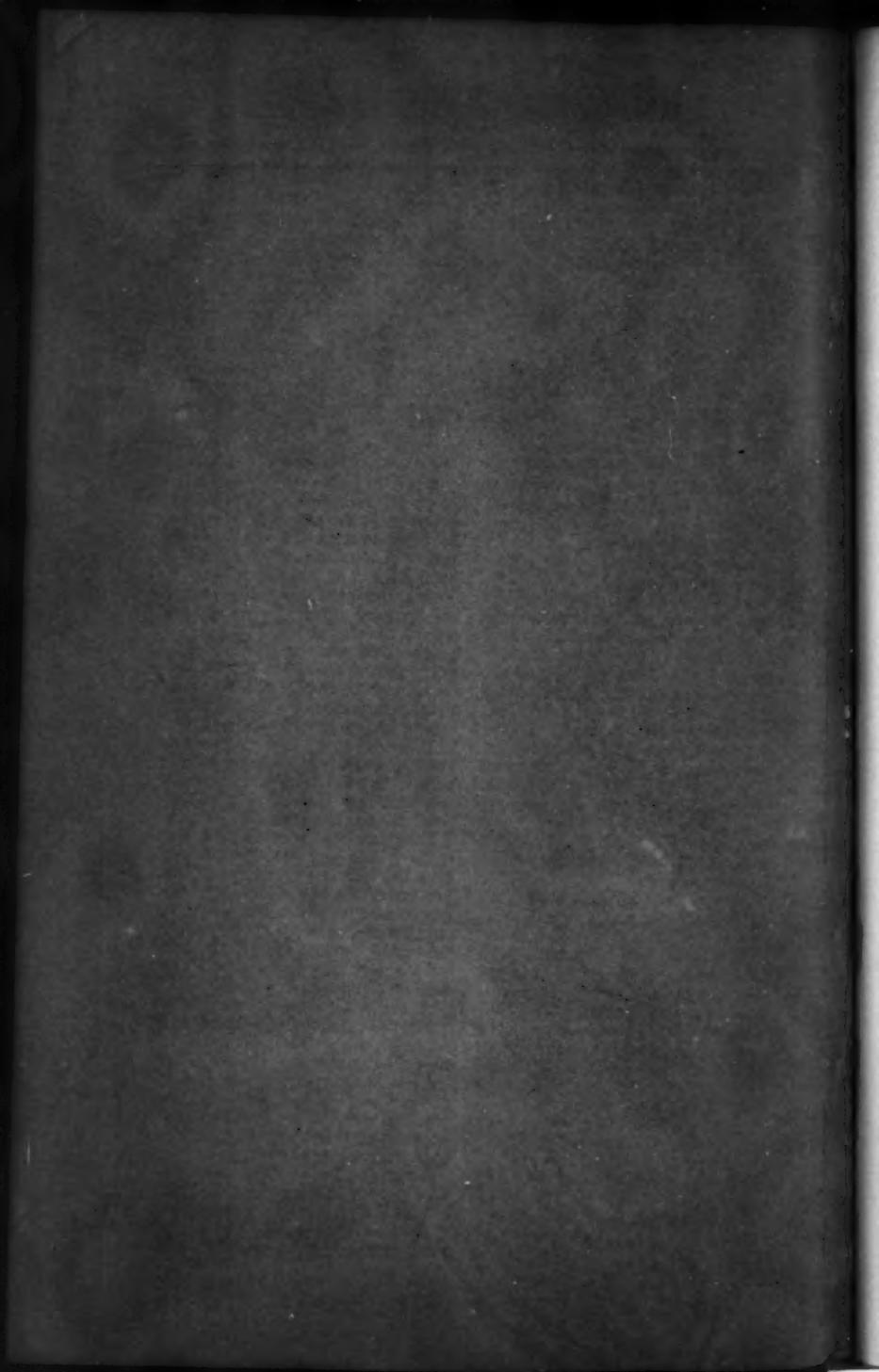
She leaned back in the carriage with an expression of pitiable weariness. She closed her eyes, but it was in thought, not sleepiness, and her fair face was a study to look upon. I did look on it. I gazed freely on her exquisite loveliness, and with the profoundest respect, for now I knew—though I had always known it, I think, in a general sort of indescribable way, rather through the feelings than the brain—I knew that I was not going to marry Lucy, and that she had not

XUM



“I CANNOT MOVE WITHOUT HELP, OR I WOULD NOT RECEIVE YOU THUS.”
[See “The Difficulties of Captain Maccus.”]

Drawn by M. D. Edwards.]



run away with any intention of becoming my wife.

When I had seen big tears roll down her pale cheek slowly, and at intervals, for some time, I ventured to speak to her again. 'Surely,' I said, 'you are not doing well to trust me so little.'

'Little!' she cried, choking a sob and dashing away the teardrops; 'oh! Captain Mannerling, have I trusted you only a little?'

'I want to be talked to; I want to know the next move in the game.'

'By-and-by; I cannot speak yet. Please to trust me a little longer. I cannot talk to you, because the time for speech is not come.' So she leaned back again with her face turned away and half-hidden against the side of the carriage. I determined not to speak any more. I bought a newspaper, and I pretended to read it.

At last, when we came to a certain station, she roused herself. 'This is the last, is it not?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'How long do they stay?' 'Five minutes. It is the express, you know, and there is no more stopping till we get to London.'

'That is what I thought. There! we are off; Captain Mannerling, I can speak.' She held out her hand. I took it. 'Thank you,' she said; 'I thank you solemnly for the good deed you have done. I am free. I am as happy as I can be till—till—well, never mind; but I shall be happier soon.'

She looked radiantly beautiful. All the trouble and fear had gone out of her face, and not a single dash of drollery was upon it, but a clear, courageous, open-eyed happiness spread itself all over her countenance and illuminated its loveliness. A little brave lioness of a woman she was, so strong and so gentle, so generous and so determined. I felt my own face grow bright as I looked at hers.

'Come, tell me, Captain Mannerling, have I quite puzzled you?'

'Quite.'

'Are you really here, and can't guess why?'

'I cannot guess; and, besides, I think I have learnt to be patient, so I do not try.'

'I think you are a good man, and kind, and ready, at some risk, to protect a woman.'

'Well,' I said, 'I have no such grand opinion of myself. I fell in with an obstinate little witch, and I am the captive of her will, travelling as her slave, caught in her toils, but knowing that she shall suffer no wrong while she keeps me in her service.'

She listened eagerly, and gravely answered, 'Thank you,' then, after a minute, 'Please go on reading your newspaper again, Captain Mannerling. If you had demanded an explanation, now that you cannot jump out at a station or give me in charge to a policeman, I could have given you one; but, just at present, I would rather not. Besides, you are trusting me, and I like that very much.' So I retreated behind the open sheet of an evening paper.

Soon I saw she was getting eager and anxious. Her longing glances were cast out at the flying landscape; then she could with difficulty conceal her agitation, and she began with trembling hands to adjust the fastening of a long cloak in which she was well wrapped up. 'Let me do that,' I said; 'you are positively shaking.' She burst into tears. 'I want to thank you once more. Never forget how thankful you have made me this day. I hope I shall not lose courage now the moment has arrived. Do not ask Mrs. Brotherton anything—oh! we are come, we are come! I mean keep close to me like—like a brother, Captain Mannerling.' 'Yes; don't doubt me now,' I said; and then we steamed into the station, and London was reached.

Almost immediately, a very well-dressed elderly woman came to our carriage; there was a footman in livery by her side. I looked at Lucy; she was very pale. I said, 'I shall keep by you, and obey you, will that do?' 'Yes, yes. Dear Mrs. Brotherton, this is Captain Mannerling.' Mrs. Brotherton gave me a quiet glance, but did not speak. I was out of the carriage and had helped Lucy out. She trembled so from head to foot that she could not stand without help. The ser-

vant stood by a carriage door, and we three got in. Then we drove away. I looked at Mrs. Brotherton. She had a good, kind face, and there was a peculiar seriousness in it, I thought. She looked at Lucy, still trembling, literally shaking in the corner of the carriage. 'My darling,' she said, 'if you are uncertain—' 'No, no!' cried Lucy, almost loudly, for she had lost the command of her sweet voice, so great was her agitation. Mrs. Brotherton smiled. 'I wish we could cure this tremor,' she said. 'I am only foolish,' said Lucy; 'I am so angry with myself' and then she covered her face with her handkerchief and dropped her head on her friend's shoulder and wept good natural tears.

The carriage stopped, and we all got out at an entrance door in a wall. Through this door we went straight into a flagged passage. Lucy put her arm in mine. Another door was opened, and in an odd sort of room, lying on a sofa, was a man, evidently very ill, with a person standing by him whom I knew perfectly well, as he had acted as my own servant in India. This man, as soon as we entered, left the room by another door; and Lucy, who had recovered all her strength, and whose cheeks were covered with a bright blush of joy, stepped forwards and stooped down to that sick man's breast and put her arms round him tenderly, hiding her face in his curling dark beard. She never spoke. He said, 'I cannot move without help, you know, or I would not receive you thus. Where's Mannerings?'

Still Lucy never moved; she had dropped upon her knees, and did not seem to hear him. Of course I knew that the man was Charlie Moore; but how he, whom I had left in India as one of the finest men in the service, had got into this pitiable condition I could not imagine. Mrs. Brotherton and I walked to a window that had a miserable look-out on coarse grass, an ill-kept pathway, and a dreary bit of wall, and then it suddenly struck me that we might be in the vestry-room of a church; and that

the scrap of outer world on which I gazed through those dull windowpanes was a neglected corner of a disused burial-ground. I should have asked Mrs. Brotherton, but she was murmuring certain sentences which appeared to be meant for my edification, so I stood by her with our backs to those two lovers and listened.

'Poor fatherless, motherless child—the best-hearted creature in the world; to have had her life ruined by that whimsical woman; as if they could not have been married two years ago in a proper way. He is as fine a character as any woman could desire; and as to her, I brought her up after her mother's death, and was more of a parent to her than that provoking old idiot could be. Her love of power would be an absurdity, you know, if it had not wrought that mischief.'

Then the man-servant I have spoken of came back, bringing another person with him. 'Well, Bellamy,' I said, 'how are you?'

'Quite well, Captain; in time to return to India with you if you should want my services. I have brought home Mr. Moore, you see, sir; and then he gave an odd glance at me, by which I seemed to know that Charlie Moore was in danger of death. I suppose I showed the thought in my face, for Bellamy, by a second significant look, seemed to confirm the idea, and we both, I am sure, looked sadly enough at each other, though we spoke no more.'

Lucy rose up now, and came to Mrs. Brotherton, quickly. I saw how Charlie Moore followed her with his eyes, and I could not help telling him by a smile how truly I could congratulate him.

'Come here,' he said to me. So I went up to him where he lay on the couch, which I now saw had some hospital contrivance attached to it by which he could be raised easily to his feet.

He was extremely handsome, but as pale as marble; his eyes had that dangerous brightness in them that we know is more than belongs to healthy life, and his great strong arms and hands were thin and

trembling. He smiled across the room to where Lucy stood, with her travelling-hat off, and her golden hair twisted about her head. Mrs. Brotherton had taken a little white bonnet from a box, and she was placing it on the partly bent head carefully. The long dark tweed wrapper was thrown across a box, and Lucy, in a bright blue silk, was putting some sort of white lace cloak across her shoulders. Then Charlie whispered, 'Call her.'

I brought her to his side; the man now arranged the springs of a crutch, and he said, 'Have you got it there still?'

She took off three or four of those rings which I had before observed as numerous, and put them into my hand; and then she drew off a thin gold hoop, and gave it into the only hand he could use. 'Into my waist-coat pocket, Mannerling,' said Charlie; and then I gave her back the pretty things that had guarded and covered what she had kept so well, and did as he asked.

'Now then,' said Charlie. So the man raised him to his feet, and eased him off on his crutches, and he said to me, 'Take Lucy.' She stood aside to let him go first, which he did well enough, with Bellamy and Mrs. Brotherton by his side. Then I gave Lucy my arm, and we walked through the doorway into the middle aisle of a church. An old man stroked his long white locks and bowed his head, and a younger woman, who seemed to belong to him, and who was probably the pew-opener, made a solemn curtsey as we passed; it was evidently their homage to the story of sorrow and suffering, love and triumph that that little procession told. There was a child, too, with a clean white pinafore there to see the sight. She looked with troubled eyes away from Charlie as he went by, and fixed a frightened stare on Lucy. A smile, such as the child had probably never seen before, brought back the sunshine quickly to that little face, and the young creature stepped hastily forward and offered Lucy a white rose and some sweet-briar, which she had held in her tiny hand. She was not more than six

years old, I am sure, and I shall never forget how Lucy took them. There was a glance at the child and a look at the mother—each of them worth a whole volume of words; 'One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin,' and the decent woman, holding the child by the hand, thus encouraged, with a face beaming with good wishes and glad hopes, followed us softly; and the old man knelt down. I put Lucy in her proper place by Charlie Moore's side, and the service began. 'Who giveth this woman away? 'I do; and truly, I never in my life, before or since, did anything more entirely with all my heart. So they were married. And when Lucy had to get rid of her gloves, she put them into the hands of her little unexpected bridesmaid, who laughed up into her mother's face with glee, and she redeemed them with a piece of gold before she went away.

Charlie had to be put into a carriage brought on purpose, in which he could lie all his length, for he was allowed to bear the movement over the pavement in no other way, and I went with Lucy and Mrs. Brotherton to that lady's house. There, in the course of another half-hour, we were all at breakfast. But that half-hour the husband and wife had had to themselves, and Mrs. Brotherton and I had been alone, to have our talk out also.

'Now,' said I, 'what is the meaning of it?'

'Mr. Moore has been in my house just ten days. Lucy knew of his expected arrival through me, and of his safe landing. She also knew, for I thought it right to tell her, that he is dying. She determined to marry him. And as I think she is right, or, at least, that she has a right to have her own way, I have helped her to take the place which she ought to have had long ago.' 'Did Mrs. Marmaduke Smith know of Moore being in England?' 'She! cried Mrs. Brotherton—'she? no! She would have looked Lucy up first. How she has got away from her I cannot imagine.' I thought that I knew all about that.

'And so she marries him, knowing his hopeless state?' I said,

musingly. 'Yes; and she is right,' replied Mrs. Brotherton, positively. I think I never knew any one who contrived without disagreeable coarseness to be so extraordinarily positive as my new acquaintance.

'I am no judge of that,' I said; 'but I doubt whether, if I had been in Moore's place, I—' 'Oh! whether you should have been as naturally great, and good, and as well able to judge of a true woman's faith and courage—perhaps not.' She fixed her dark eyes on me as if she had found me so undoubtedly guilty, that any attempt at explanation on my part must be worse than useless. I was therefore silent; and Mrs. Brotherton went on. 'You know they were engaged to each other, and with Mrs. Smith's entire consent. The time, though not the exact day, of the marriage was fixed. And then, for her own wicked gratification, she refused her consent, and parted them.'

'Surely they could have married without her consent as well *then* as *now*?' Mrs. Brotherton appeared to be exasperated by my stupidity. 'How could they, when Mr. Moore had nothing but his pay? People must live—*now*, they can live on the sale of his commission for the few months which must elapse before she is of age. It will be all right before next June—as to money I mean. *He* will be dead. Any how, his only chance of life will be in his having a good nurse like Lucy.'

'What made Mrs. Marmaduke Smith change her mind?'

'Oh! I am ashamed to tell you—a ridiculous creature—a mad simploton. I can't bear that woman. I can never forgive her ruining that darling girl's life.' And Mrs. Brotherton quite groaned; she had evidently as much bitterness in her heart as a not really ill-natured woman could carry, and a good deal more than she had words at hand to express.

Here the servant announced breakfast; and I said, as I conducted Mrs. Brotherton through the passage—'By what accident was poor Moore reduced to this?' And she, scarcely waiting to hear me finish my sentence, said, scornfully,

'Accident? stuff; a tiger!' On which the door was opened, and I could ask no more.

But not to keep my readers in unnecessary suspense, I may here tell what I heard afterwards of Charlie Moore's heroism. It was, shortly, this—he had got crushed in the jaws of a 'man-eater.'

When once a tiger has tasted of human flesh, there really seems to be a fascination in it for the savage beast. As it was in this case, the tiger will return, and return again for his human victim, and in his death is the only safety. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made, and Charlie Moore had entered into the deadly pursuit with all a true man's courage. The pursuit of a savage beast who has taken the lives of our fellow-creatures—in this instance those of a boy, two young women, and a child—is something quite out of the region of sport. It is a call on the strong to defend the weak—to risk life in order to save life, and to encounter the danger is no longer merely an excitement, it is elevated into a duty. Charlie had organised the party who had relieved the panic-struck people of their foe, and his ball had given the death-wound; but the tiger had pursued him, fallen on him, crushed him in his dying jaws, and pinned him to the earth by the weight of his dead carcase. It was only when the rest of the party returned, that Charlie was found, to every one's glad surprise, still alive. And when Mrs. Brotherton said, 'Stuff! a tiger,' I knew quite as much of what had happened as there was any need to know at that moment, and so walked in with her to the breakfast-room.

'How do you do, Mr. Grant?' she said to a stranger sitting by Charlie and Lucy. 'I did not know you were here.' I then perceived that this was the same person who had come with Bellamy into the vestry-room, and helped Charlie to his crutch.

'I am only this moment arrived,' he said. 'Mr. Moore asked me to have an interview with Captain Mannerings, and this hour is my only leisure one.' Then turning to

Lucy, he said, 'I am very glad to see how well Mr. Moore has borne the motion of the carriage. You may indulge in good hopes, now, I am sure. He has suffered enough to kill most men of average strength. I think better of him to-day than I have ever done yet.'

'But this "man-eater's" attack must have been months ago,' I said, looking at Mr. Grant.

'Ah!' said Charlie, who was sitting up, seemingly quite comfortable in an easy chair, with his spring crutch by his side—'ah! but, by my clumsiness and incapacity, I got a severe fall on board ship, and our friend here has had to pull me to pieces and put me together again. I am a beautiful work of art now; and I am going to travel to Wiesbaden on that excellent invention upon which you saw me taking my ease this morning.'

Then I fancied that a glance from Charlie suggested that I should speak to Mr. Grant at a distant window, and there I retired, in his company, accordingly. I was then told, in a minute or two, that Charlie's real danger lay in the crushing of the chest and collar-bone having injured the lungs. 'We have the winter before us. I see but little hope,' said Mr. Grant. 'As to his other injuries,—though this accident on board ship has given him a great deal to go through, he has undergone everything so well, that, with his perfect constitution, and his wife's care, there need be no fear. He will have a stiff shoulder all his life.' Saying which, Mr. Grant walked back to the table, and took leave of Lucy, calling her 'Mrs. Moore' for the first time in my hearing, with a few kindly-spoken words, expressing a desire that she would call upon him any moment, night or day, without hesitation, whenever she wished to do so—it came from him with a friendliness that evidently pleased them both, and Lucy gave him her hand with a radiant smile of thankfulness.

'I have told my husband,' said Lucy, 'how good you have been, Captain Mannerling. How you trusted me in the midst of so much

mystification. How I made you run away with me—or how you let me run away with you, I can't tell which, and it is of no manner of consequence. If he had not behaved better than *you* did, Mr. Moore, I should never have been allowed to leave the house; for I never could have overcome Mrs. Marmaduke. She let me go with him so willingly, yet so sadly, poor dear! I declare I think she repented. I believe she will be glad when she knows that I am married to *you*.'

Charlie laughed. 'Very likely,' he said; 'you know she *did* like me at first. There is no harm in playing Mrs. Marmaduke this trick; the wonder to me is that you did not deceive Mannerling.'

'Not a bit,' said Lucy. 'He said at once that there was a mystery, and he agreed—not quite at once, but when he saw I was miserable—to help me. He was so good a man that I trusted him—and I was so in earnest, and so unhappy, that he trusted me, and was hero enough to promise to see me safe to the end, whatever it might be.'

'I should have told him the whole truth,' said Charlie.

'And then he would have had scruples, and hesitated, and I should have had to run away by myself, and there would have been a fuss and a scandal; toil, torment, and poverty. Now, it is all easy, natural, and straight. Oh, Charlie! I could not have got away without Mrs. Marmaduke's knowledge: somehow, it was not in me to do it. But when she gave me leave to run away with him, then it was easy. And she was so interested about settlements; only, I do not know quite what you would like to do about the money.'

'What money?'

'Why, on Sunday afternoon she wrote to Mr. Jones, the lawyer, and joint trustee with her, to say she approved of a hasty marriage I was going to contract, and that she gave up everything to me at once. And so, dear Charlie, my whole fortune, I suppose, is now yours.'

Moore looked at me aghast. We were all silent for a moment—then, 'Mannerling, bring me my writing—

case,' said Charlie. His face was white. Lucy was frightened and grew pale also. But I knew what he meant to do, and seated myself by his side with pen, ink, and paper at once.

'Lucy, my dear wife,' he said, 'you have been told the whole truth as to my illness. If I were to die to-day—and the extent of injury to my lungs nobody quite knows—I should simply rob you. So I must make a will.' Then he dictated a few words by which everything was given to Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Brotherton and I signed it.

'And now, Captain Mannering, will you go back to your mother's house, and tell Aunt Marmaduke all that we have done—' 'And say that any settlements she chooses to suggest I will make,' said Charlie. 'No!' cried Lucy, 'it is all good, honest Lorimer money, and she ought not to have anything to do with it. It is mine.' But Charlie, smiling, put his hand before her pretty mouth. 'Mannering will do right for us,' he said; and I consented.

Immediately, with my watch and a time table, I began to arrange my return. I announced that I must go almost directly, and then Lucy said that she had messages to send, and that she and Mrs. Brotherton must speak to me alone. We therefore left Charlie Moore and went into the adjoining room. When there, how she thanked me!

'He is married, and he is rich,' she said; 'and if you had not humoured me, and trusted me,—we owe it all to you. I cannot tell how to thank you enough. His life shall be saved now, God helping me,' she cried. 'And will you write to India?' she went on. 'The officers of his regiment gave him a smart purse, quite full of gold—in fact, to pay for Bellamy's services, and get him safely home. How can I thank them? Poor Charlie! without a penny beyond his pay. How good of them to behave like brothers to him, and to *me*.' She sat down, and wept like a child, quite melted by this goodness from men whom she had never seen.

'And have you no questions to

ask?' she said, when her tears were spent.

'Yes. I want to know why Mrs. Marmaduke dismissed Mr. Moore.'

Her face brightened, and, with the drops hanging in her eyelashes, her whole countenance flashed with amusement. 'Oh! I can smile at it now,' she gasped. 'She sent him off, she locked me up—she—she—' 'Tell me quickly,' I said. 'Because he—he would not—he—oh, oh!' And then she turned away laughing or crying, I could not tell which.

'Because,' said Mrs. Brotherton, loudly, 'because—a stupid, conceited, detestable woman—because he would not be kissed! There, Captain Mannering! If you wish to know, you *do* know. For no other reason in the world. I can't bear that woman. She ought to be shut up; a horror!'

The face of calm intelligence that Lucy turned to me on this announcement was a caution and a confirmation in one.

'Have you no other question to ask?' she almost whispered, coming close to my side. 'No.' 'Not any inquiry after Lizzie Smith's face-ache?' 'Why?' 'Because,' whispering, 'if you had seen *her*, you might—almost *must*, have loved her; and then I should never have escaped from Mrs. Marmaduke's captivity. She knew my secret. I kept her out of sight.' Then, taking my hand—'She is the best girl in the world. Now, please to forgive me for everything.'

I forgave her; and I bade her good-bye. In an hour's time I was travelling back as fast as I could go.

I found the horse and carriage waiting for me, and with willing speed I got to my own home safely.

I walked into the drawing-room.

'My dear Alfred! But where is Lucy?' cried my mother.

'I left her at Mrs. Brotherton's.'

'Ah! I thought that to town and back would be a longer day's work than she could encounter. I am sorry she sent back Smithson,' said my mother.

I looked at Mrs. Marmaduke. She got up, after a few hasty words of welcome, and left the room. In a

minute, under pretence of changing my dress, I followed her. I went straight to her dressing-room door and knocked. 'It is I—may I come in?' She opened the door, and let me in, with a scared face. I sat down by the open window, where the soft summer air was playing gently. 'Mrs. Smith,' I said, 'Lucy married Charlie Moore this morning, and I gave her away.'

She leaned back in her chair as pale as death, and almost as still. I was actually frightened. But I went on. 'There is not a better man in the service. There are few cleverer men in the world. You know he is a man of extraordinary talent; he is a poor death-stricken creature now: he has been half-killed by a tiger. They made a subscription at the mess and paid for a servant to get him home. He was carried to the church—he stood on crutches. They are going out of England directly. And now,' I went on, 'you must let me say the only thing that I intend to say—it is a hard burden to lay for life on such a brilliant little butterfly as Lucy. They love each other very much. But you should not have done it, Mrs. Smith.' 'If you don't get them to forgive me,' she said, 'I shall break my heart and die.'

I declare I could not help forgiving the poor woman, she was so evidently sincere.

We did not say much about what had happened in the family, for my dear tender-hearted mother was horrorstruck by Mrs. Marmaduke's conduct, and wished to get her out of the house; but Julia had grown very fond of Lizzie Smith, and did not like to part with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Marmaduke had more than once written to Lucy, but she had got no answer; at last a note came from Mrs. Brotherton advising Mrs. Smith, with considerable asperity, to write no more. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, having persuaded Mr. Grant to go with them, were, she hoped, safe at Wiesbaden, and would

stay there till—if he lived—(darkly scored under were those words) they moved for the winter to Nice.

Upon this Mrs. Marmaduke took to her bed, and was laid up in our house, under medical treatment, for six weeks; during which time my acquaintance with Lizzie Smith so far progressed that I, one day, told her what Lucy had said as to the necessity I should have felt under to fall in love with her had I seen her on her first arrival.

'Ah!' she said, quietly, 'so like Lucy; but I don't think *that*—'

'Well then, *I do*,' I answered.

And so it is that Lizzie is my wife at this present writing; and Mrs. Marmaduke, when she died—and her death was generally reported to be in consequence of an ungrateful relative's conduct—left Lizzie all she possessed.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore live in London. Faithful Mrs. Brotherton guards Lucy's happiness with a watchdog's bark; always angry with anything that may, even by the remotest possibility, interfere with it. We visit the Moores in London, and they come to us in the country; he is a fine, very handsome, pale-complexioned man, with a stiff shoulder joint, and a cough—but 'not a killing cough at all,' says Mr. Grant. Lucy plays with two beautiful boys, Charlie and Alfred, and they are all very happy together—so happy, that I one day said to her—'Would you have been happier, I wonder, if you and your husband had been married when you were first engaged to each other?' On which she lifted up a very quiet face—open-eyed, and wondering, with a most dazzling, malicious sort of beauty—'Would it have been better?' I repeated.

'Better than *perfect*? I never was very clever you know, Captain Mannerings—and I don't understand!'

With this declaration from our beautiful Lucy, the record of my 'difficult circumstances' may be considered at an end.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. V.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

'MAKE way for the evergreens!' These words ended my somewhat pensive November musings. The falling leaves have fallen now, and, more than this, they are pretty well put away out of sight. Thick in the storm and thin in the calm, they streaked or straggled from the tossed or patient branches: but now the flitting is over (save for a few dry and determined beech and oak tenants which stubbornly disregard the notice to quit); and the gay dresses of the year are put away. It lies indeed in its white snow-shroud, and does not want them any more. The fallen leaves are gone. The worms did what they could towards this tidying up the room, after the winds had done with their playthings: many and many a one they stowed out of sight, all but an end or so which would stick out of the clay. Many a barrow-load of them was wheeled off by the gardener, and the shrubberies are raked and tidied, so that you may get the first delightsome vision of the snowdrop and crocus and daffodil points; and the smooth ungroving lawn is never littered now with flakes pale and large from the sycamore, red and flat from the beech, orange and black-pitted from the apple, gold and silver from the poplar, bronze from the pear, purple from the medlar, scarlet from the cherry. These are all cleared away, they neither lie sullen beside the path, nor run in circles till they drop down giddy on the lawn. Perhaps they were gathered into such a high many-coloured heap as Millain once painted, and the tongued fire shot out here and there from a cleft, and the blue spiral smoke wandered away in thin lines out of many a vent: or, if you stirred the frail heap, rolled up in a grey full volume towards the twi-

light sky. And so the glad summer-lived things were not left to damp and long decay, but, more beautifully for them, were returned by cremation to the dust from which they rose, and next morning a white handful of impalpable ash was all that marked the place of the high funeral-pyre. Better than to have been ignominiously shot into some wide hole,—promiscuously cast, as it were, into that plague-pit, after that great autumn epidemic which had laid them low far too fast for separate burial by the careful worms; better to be this white powder, than to be that decaying mass. But perhaps not better than to lie, as the forest leaves are yet lying, in an undisturbed and solemn state, under the great dark plumes of the pines, and under the taper-light of the stars; or,—if you like to call it a burial ground,—in the grand Forest cemetery, every tree a tall and naked monument, watching, with its great cross-arms, over the many generations of its dead children. Quietly they sleep in the deep calm, no vexing winds can reach to harass them; where each fell, there it took its settled place; and, unless for a scared rabbit, or a strutting pheasant, or a stealthy fox, or a nimble squirrel, there it lies, for ever undisturbed. 'Rain makes music in the trees' far, very far above them: it is a distant, dreamy sound matching well with the 'dim religious light' which pervades all the hushed forest aisles; no disturbing gladness of sunlight or depression of shadow comes to interfere with the passionless calm which has become the atmosphere of their repose. If there be stained window or two, slanting rich colour through the dark columns, this is only at sunset time, and at the extremest bounds of the great temple; sound,

light, air, are all subdued into an equal harmony, as the rule, throughout the endless parallel aisles. The fiercest tempests raging far above in the tops of the bare or evergreen trees do but make a hoarse lullaby for the dead leaves far beneath, that yet need not the soothing cadence of their muffled roar to deepen the intensity of their repose. 'Let them rave.' Their anger is subdued to a full melody, but the thrum and murmur of the vibrating forest stirs in the fallen leaves no emotions, no remembrances. Above them the young spring will be dressing all the bare branches again with the million million shimmerings and palpitations which are living foliage and shall also be Fallen Leaves.

'No second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.'

Life was a beautiful thing in them, and in them even life's decay was beautiful, and there is a serene though melancholy loveliness in their death. And no doubt the analogies which envelope them give the explanation of the intense fascination which most pensive minds find in these pensioners of the short summer. Quiet, if subdued thoughts, linger about them for him

'Who with a gentle heart goes forth
Under the hushed and tranquil evening sky,
and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent.
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.'

But now the leaves are gone, the summer leaves;—let them lie! It is the time for the evergreens. And how delightful to see them heaped in the outhouse, ready for the Christmas decorations: great masses of them; boughs; half trees, you might almost think. Cartloads of them passing along the streets, along the hard and frosty streets, the streets just rimed enough with a light snow to show the dark track of wheels, of wheels which cross and interlace, and hoofs which break the striped pattern of the roads. Covent Garden is still piled with these spoils

of the shrubberies, but you have secured, either thence or from the country, your stock of them; and Kate and Violet have pulled them about critically, and Anselm, home for the holidays, has had up the big boughs for his sisters to inspect: and the young ones are fairly content with the materials provided for their cunning workmanship, and wreaths and devices are being busily prepared at home, they having been already all day at the schoolroom, working for the church. Long festoons of the 'dark ivy-plants,' veined with white; rich ripe brown berries of the same, made in two halves, like fairy cricket-balls; cone-studded piles of spruce-fir; other firs; tasseled Weymouth pine; prickly fancy firs, prettiest, that which has an underside of frosted silver; heaps of twinkling box; large-leaved laurel, 'scattering silver lights'; 'dark red-fruited yew'; masses of scarlet-vermilion, which on examination are found to be holly dressed all up the stalk with clustered berries, and crowned with a spike of smooth, pale, warm-green leaves, pointed at the summit, and rich with darkest varnishing on the sky-side. And oh, the berries this year, after this hot long summer! The hollies are berried up to the neck, and the yew-trees about the Wyndcliff were, in October, almost dying in colour with the autumn tints of the wych-elms, and orange maple, and rose-flushed guelder-bushes. Then there is the prickly blue-berried berbrice, varying shades from a morocco-purple to the clearest pink-crimson; and there is variegated laurel, and a quite white holly, and some with yellow berries, and some chequered, and some dark with no berries at all. There is laurustinus also, but this fades too soon; there are what Christmas roses were not wanted for the Font; there is a treasured bundle of winter-cherries, like little Chinese lanterns, the orange ball in the brown lace frame, or seeming to glow through the yet-clothed muffed-coloured sides. There is pampas grass, and hoary traveller's-joy, saved from the November hedges, and carefully stored; there are the

burning clusters of the seed of the pale-flowered iris, so unkindly and insultingly named.* And above all, there is the mistletoe. The mistletoe, with its yellow-green leaves, and white pearl-berries. The mistletoe that you may see distinct in such great bushes upon the stripped apple-boughs in the Herefordshire orchards. Great bushes well seen now, when the yellow leaves are few, and the red and the gold of the apples only scattered about the boughs: and the autumn day quiet, except for the chattering of the long-tailed magpies, so clean in their white and black, and the scream of the jays, with the mosaic of azure and jet on their wings. There was a charm in seeing these mistletoe masses,

* Print the blue sky with twig and leaf.

—a charm, especially to the mere Covent Garden saunterer, in seeing this magic plant really growing, growing too in wild, in profuse abundance. Oh what a change for it, when it is hung up in the centre of the well-lit room, the room which shakes and vibrates with the dance; and the voice, not of jay and magpie, but of merry boy and girl, or romantic youth and maiden, or jovial senior, caught or catching, rings through its pale-fruited recesses.

There was much to do, ere Kate, Violet, and Anselm were satisfied: many wreaths, much picture and looking-glass adorning, and Father to be coaxed out of his study that that also might be dressed in Christmas garb. But the great event of the dressing; the climax and acme of all the decoration, the finishing touch to all, was undoubtedly the hanging that huge bush of mistletoe right in the centre of the hall, in whose ancient grate half an elm was burning for a Christmas log: and then the enticing the (of course) unsuspecting Father and Mother under the mystic plant, and smothering them with kisses when there. How should they suspect any such design? The little mystery had not been repeated more

than a dozen times yet, as the years went by.

So the house has got on its Christmas dress, and is ready for the Christmas parties. We will let the Day, the sweet Day, the solemn Day, the happy Day, the holy Day,—pass; yet not quite without a word. This is a day like no other day in the whole year. Easter is perhaps more glad and joyous, coming with such sudden sunshine after the hush of Lent, and the shade of Holy Week. Easter may be more ecstatically joyful, but Christmas has a strange, weird, child-charm of its own. The glorious mystery of the waits, at midnight (before we have lost an enjoyment by growing older and more learned, and so discovering that this is bad music played by vulgar men): the large Christmas moon shining, while we listen, through the snow-caked panes: the sweet and tender gladness of the bells, while we are dressing, and indeed, at intervals all through the day: the anticipation of the Christmas boxes, whether new-milled money, or toy or workbox, or books, ranged among a bewildering crowd of others upon the sideboard: the comfortable warm-berried evergreens over the mantelpiece, and about the walls: the Christmas texts over the arches in the church, every one packed with a hundred fascinating associations, from earliest childhood upwards: the Christmas hymns, and the *Pastoral Symphony* played as the clergyman enters the wreathed reading-desk: the geniality and the kindness and the affection which seem the very atmosphere of the Day: the sweet and wondrous story—of which we never weary, so long as any of the wise child-spirit is left to us—underlying it all:—merely to enumerate these, however baldly, is to bring a distant peal of joy-bells near at once, and clear and loud across the heart. The Day is one obviously unfitted for noisy and altogether secular mirth: it is a day (beside its most dear and sacred memories and associations) sacred to quieter, more intensely *happy* happiness; sacred to home-gatherings, and reunions, and reconciliations, and thankful joy because

* *Iris fétidissima*.

of no gap yet in the intimate circle, no bead fallen out of the home-rosary:—or of tender and dear reminiscences that make the joy not less thankful, but more quiet and grave: tightening the grasp of the living hands, while the eyes grow misty with thinking of one greeting less, one clasp that is loosed for awhile: one bead that has been passed on to a string that can never at all break or come untied. ‘A merry Christmas’—yes, in a degree:—but merriment is the dance of bubbles that beat the deeper stream of the Day’s grave happiness. Rather therefore, and more exactly, I will say, *A happy Christmas*, and a merry *Christmas season*. And saying this in print, I clasp, with no slack or insincere clasp, many a shadow-hand, many a hand from which oceans really part me: many a hand of which I only know this, that it shall turn the page which mine is penning.

Christmas time is especially and suitably the festival season of the young. Not but that the elders enjoy themselves as much, in their quiet way, as the wildest young hearts, or even perhaps more. But everything at this time seems to have the young in view. Old people and mature people fall in, as a matter of course, with the humour of the young ones at this time; thus you shall see, with no thought of any strangeness in the sight, grandfather dancing Sir Roger de Coverley, and his son, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, playing at blind-man’s buff. ‘Tis all for the children; and so your dignity is not compromised, and you may lay aside the gravity of your usual deportment, and give yourself up to a romp. Even the clergyman may unbend at such gatherings, and not forfeit any of his influence for good: as who would have less revered the late Archbishop of Dublin, for finding him scuttling round the table on his hands and knees, with his grandchild on his back? It is to please the young ones: let this salve all: and so the old ones may enter with zest into the fun. With zest not altogether, if at all, feigned, —I believe that that grave physi-

cian, whose coat-tail came off in my sister’s hands, playing at oranges and lemons (fearful position! what was the child to do with the embarrassing acquisition?)—I believe that that grave man was in reality quite as eager in the contest as any of the excited train that were led by him to that miniature tug of war. And, supposing you to be in the full swing of blind-man’s buff: was it merely on behalf of the ecstasy of the little ones that you palpitated, flattened against the wall, while the groping hands were just within an inch of your face? or that you tried to look unconscious, with the slipper in your possession, and with frantic eagerness slid it away when the vigilant eye was at length turned from your post in the ring? Not a bit of it: the elders unbend and condescend to the children’s fun, but this is just their convenient excuse for having a turn at it themselves. It wouldn’t do without the children, no doubt; for one thing, the decent pretext would be wanting; and certainly I doubt whether, under any circumstances, there would be much enjoyment in ‘Cross Questions and Crooked Answers,’ or ‘Oranges and Lemons,’ or ‘Blind-man’s Buff,’ or ‘Hunt the Slipper,’ to a party composed merely of some dozens of staid merchants, and middle-aged lawyers, and stiff bankers, and solemn doctors, and reverend bishops, together with a due proportion of mature matrons. It would hardly do, I fancy, without the Anselms and Violets, and Mauds, and Kates, and Harolds, and Franklyn,—to bring the old ones—half-reluctant at first, but seeming more so than they really are,—to the games in which they are soon as interested as any. ‘That child’s heart within the man’s’ has a lingering love, that will blaze out at Christmas-time, for the old child amusements still. Unfallen leaves; that, if they have lost the soft texture and the glory of the new green, nevertheless have not forgotten yet how, upon occasions, to glimmer in the sunshine, and to dance in the summer air.

And the games, these are almost the best part of the Christmas par-

ties. I remember the old excitements of them, especially if the games had forfeits attached, and if the forfeits were honestly insisted upon, and not meanly shirked, because of the scruples of some over-prudish misses. Are not the loves of the young pretty and harmless? Need Belinda's grown admirers ever grudge that mad delirium which a kiss snatched from her twelve-years-old lips caused in Ethelbert's thirteen-years-old heart, on that ecstatic Twelfth-night evening? or the motto and the gold paper that, being shared with her at supper, were stored for so long in his pocket-book, and always laid by under his pillow? I like boys to begin early to fancy themselves—if fancy it be—in love; it teaches them to look out of self, and also it keeps the heart's ground prepared and fertile, for when the true seed is sown. I like girls to be a little wholesomely sentimental; we don't want them too practical at first: not dry and formal hay, before the graceful grass has bowed and risen and lightened and dusked in the least eddies of the lightest airs. I like children to be fresh and natural; and even when they have grown a little past child-days, they needn't be over-prim and strait-laced: they needn't spoil the Christmas games by taking all the innocent malice out of the forfeits.

And,—if you would test the truth of the secret which I whispered to you about the zest which the elders feel in the fun,—watch them, I beg, at one of these same forfeit-spiced games. Let it be 'Birds, Beasts, and Fishes,' and let the knotted handkerchief suddenly fall into the lap of that genial, time-mellowed spinster aunt, who has been nervously preparing her mind for the missile, almost dreading lest it should come her way. 'Fish! one two, three, four, five, six,'—'Er-r-r-r—Humbug!' she gasps at length, before the fatal 'ten' is reached. But even when the scream of laughter lulls, and she is able to explain that she really did say, 'Hummingbird,' it is found impossible to assign this individual to any species of the finny tribe; and so the dear

old lady's spectacle case is laid by with the other forfeits. Matters are not mended when, 'Bird,' being presently hurled at her, she—ready now after past experience, and with no hesitation—cries out, 'Oyster!'

Her first forfeit was to measure six yards of love-ribbon with one of any number of nephews who would have been delighted to do this with dear Auntie Rachel; her next, to dance a hornpipe in the tea-tray; which, to the surprise of all, she consented to attempt. On one condition, however, which the mistress of the house disallowed: that the best set of Sèvres china should be left in it during the performance. Greatly did the kindly old heart chuckle at having thus turned the tables on her mischievous young friends.

To the young people themselves, one of the chief delights of the party is the preliminary looking forward to it: the excited preparation for it: the grave work of dressing for it. Where is this sash? and is Ellen's hair done? and have Master Reggie's hands been boiled in hot water, to get the carpentering dust out of the frost-roughened fingers? It is such an important affair, and takes so long, at that time of life; and then there is the solemn going downstairs, and ranging themselves in the empty room, cleared of the furniture, edged by benches all around the walls, lit by sconces placed about the rooms. Stiff, and ill-at-ease, however anticipating happiness, at first; fearful of deranging the exactly-finished hair; feeling strange in shiny pumps or white-satin shoes, sit Ella, and Beatrice, and Lily, and Robert and William; legs dangling towards, but not reaching the ground; while Mabel and Tom will race up and down the room, regardless of sit of sash, or of precision of hair. And other children come in and perch by them; and they are mutually shy and awkward,—for all the world as if they were grown English ladies and gentlemen waiting for dinner to be announced;—and you would hardly fancy them the same children that are presently on such confidential terms, and so rampagiously full of enjoyment,

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when the first frost has thawed under the warming sunshine.

And they dance. I like to see children dance. I shall be frowned at by some and pouted at by others; but I frankly own that I don't much like to see grown people dance. It is not now-a-days like the old stately respectful style: — 'slow' enough this would of course be voted. But, —I may be over-particular, —I can't reconcile the present style with my own queer ideas of the comeliness and the fitness of things. Let it be mere strangers whom I am watching and the motion and the music may please me; and I may not take offence. But let me bring the thing home to myself: let it be my little girl (laughing in her cradle now, bless her!), let her have grown to the grace of maidenhood, and let me suppose her in this room, and I, a wallflower of course, looking on. I shouldn't like it: I know I shouldn't. Why should that whipper-snapper young barrister dare to come and put his arm round her waist now, which he never would dare to do at another time; and smirk right into her darling face? Why should young Featherweight, of the Guards, have any right to hug her round the room, his lanky form looming out of a mist of her muslin? Is it, think you, to consider too particularly to consider thus? —Well: I will just retire then upon the declaration from which I branched off into this cynic tone of thought: —and merely reiterate, —I like to see children dance.

But let me go back into the days of the past, and take one particular remembrance; recall one of those pleasant holiday evenings. I was not a child then, it is true; but certainly I enjoyed myself like one; besides, our evening's amusement was in this case one which might, without apology, enlist the interest of young and old too. I have not spoken yet of this class of amusement, one that will monopolize to itself some of the pleasantest of the holiday evenings. I shall describe, then, an evening of Charades.

Long ago now, but let me bethink me how it had its origin. Ah, I remember. In a very small and quiet

way we had just among ourselves got up an evening's amusement of this kind. 'Phantom,' our word was; and we exercised, —let me say without conceit, it being said of our past selves, —some ingenuity at least in one of the scenes. It was the second: which was represented, I remember, by a mighty black cat on the tiles of a house. The snowy roof was represented by a large sheet, ingeniously sloped over chairs and boxes, and roughened into blue-shadowed tiles with weak indigo and water. A young scion of the house made a first-rate cat, closed in a case of black calico, and with an appropriate mask, and artistic ears. The tail was a triumph of art: long, well-stuffed, and either nervously twitched according to the mode of cats, or lashed in a grand sweep, by means of an invisible piece of twine managed by a performer on the other side of the roof. This accomplice also managed (with deep vocal power) the howling and wauling, the actor of the part never having studied in the classes of any cat-Hullah. In the dim light the effect was all that could be desired. The vocalist in the performance then retired to dress for Brutus; the sheet reversed made an admirable tent (all but coming down in a heap, however, at the most solemn moment); a young girl in her early teens sang sweetly as Lucius the page; and a tall brother was nearly smothered in a yellow blanket to represent the august Phantom. The light burned dimly; the composition and colour were carefully studied; the curtain fell (happily not the tent), amid universal applause.

Well, from this tiny acorn sprang the larger growth that filled up the evening which is to be the subject of my reminiscences. A friend and neighbour had come in to spend that first merry evening with us, and had played his part as a spectator with admirable talent, having admired and been pleased with everything. What more could one require in an audience? But more than this, so impressed was he with the talent of the company and the arrangements of the manager, that

he at once fixed an evening in the next week, at which charades, on a larger and more ambitious scale, should be the staple of the entertainment. And to this he then and there invited all the then-assembled company, installing the getter-up of the minor entertainment at the head of the more extensive contemplated arrangements. And he threatened us with a far larger circle of spectators than that which had at this time applauded our modest merits.

Well, our spirits rose to the occasion. Next day the grave work was the selection of words. And after much overhauling of Shakespeare; Walter Scott; Pickwick; we decided upon two: *'Pilgrimage'*, and *'Incantation'*.

Then came the critical inspection and planning of the rooms; the dining-room, turned inside out, made a capital room for the charades to be represented; there was a boudoir opening out of it in which the dressing could be managed; and (the house being old-fashioned) a beam that ran right across the ceiling, leaving two-thirds of the room beyond it, made an admirable support for an extemporized curtain to shut off the audience between the scenes.

Then came the allotment of parts, and the two fair daughters of the house were here a most valuable accession to our company. Some apportionments were obvious enough; some required more consideration, but all was soon settled: here beauty was wanted (putting the manager in a very Paris-like position!) here voice, here memory, here pertinacity, here height, here good acting.

The next thing was, of course, the 'properties,' (I think that's the right word). And except that Marmion's helmet, and a wig and beard or two, had to be procured from London, all that we wanted was ingeniously manufactured at home. So we trudged up every day, and turned the house of our friend into a workshop: witches' nooses and chains; scallop shells and staffs for palmers; becoming hoods for nuns; Pickwick's wig and knee-breeches; King Lear's tow beard;

Hecate's diadem; &c., littered the room which had been given over to our devices; until all was pronounced complete, and *à la bonne heure*; for the day had arrived.

Well: charades have been often described, but, nevertheless, if the 'indulgent' reader has come so far with me, he or she will expect to be given just a peep at the result of such great preparations. Let me still more vividly then recall that idle pleasant evening of the past, by rapidly passing in review before me on the page the parts and the whole of those ancient but well-remembered performances. Idle days, but if they came after and preceded, busy days, these shall not be grudged, nor sourly welcomed. They had their part, be sure, in the quality of the work which followed them; and if I faced the examiners with a more equal mind than might have been expected from the vivid power which I possessed of realizing my weak points, why, that idle time had had its share, undoubtedly, in that bracing of the mind's tone. Relaxation, in due proportion, is not waste time, if to the sterner heart it seems so. It feeds work, if it is not work. When you pour fresh water into your kettle, it ceases boiling for the while, no doubt. But it soon warms into the fizz and sputter again, which indeed would have prematurely stopped without it. Ah, life is so short, and there is so much to be done in it, if once you are at all in earnest, that one pardons the severe minds that grudge one hour's pause of the wheels, even though it be to grease them so that they shall get over more ground in the long run. One sympathizes with their unresting energy, and feels it necessary to apologize for not only present, but even past, pauses in the advance. Yet, if great work be the end ever kept in view, it is certain that the work is even furthered by the intervals of rest from it. Idle days, then, that, kept within bounds, help on the busy ones.

Behold, then, the guests arrived, the manager active and ubiquitous; and the curtain just ready to be drawn on the first scene. This was a trifle; we could not make very

much of it; 'Pill,' of course a vast globe of a nursery ball in a bandbox; and a poor child doomed to partake of it. The more artistic work began at 'Grim.' For this we had the Palmer scene in 'Marmion' the grisly warrior by the hostel fire; his squires and knights in armour about him; partizans and bills resting against the oaken table; stags' antlers on the walls—the stern Palmer darkly draped and leaning on his staff, his grim look, and lit eye fixed still and ever upon uneasy Marmion—but let Scott speak, in words whose magic is ever new in might :

' Resting upon his Pilgrim staff
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such game could brook,
Strode by a frown to quell;
But not for that, the' more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted board,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroken, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind :—
" Saint Mary ! saw'nt thou e'er such sight ?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the firebrand's flickle light
Glances beneath hisowl !
Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;
For his best palfrey, would not I
Ensure that sullen scowl."

And then, called upon by Marmion, Fitz Eustace (a Fitz Eustace had we, cunning in song) raises the plaintive lay, set to an old air :

' Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever ?
Where, thro' groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow :
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.'

Then the full deep chorus :

' Soft shall be his pillow,
Where shall the Traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingle war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying.

' Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall baffle it,—
Never, O never !
Never, O never !

' It ceased, the melancholy sound,
And silence sunk on all around ;
The air was sad ; but adder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And 'plain'd as if disgrace and ill
And shameful death were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested on his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.—

* * * * *
' Soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz Eustace said,—
" Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in numberies they toll
For some departing sister's soul ?
Say, what may this portend ?"
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The live-long day he had not spoke,)
" The death of a dear friend."

Well, the curtain fell on a hush that was more valuable to us than the applause, which, like the crash of a wave that seems to hang for a moment, abundantly followed it.

The scenery was hastily changed; and when the curtain was drawn, 'Age' was represented by a couch, on which lay the venerable Lear; Cordelia kneeling by him, with half her hair fallen to the ground, and anxious loving look. An element of comicality was superadded here, by the fact of the aged king not having had time to learn his part, and being audibly prompted throughout, betraying a ludicrous anxiety to catch the sense of the loud whisper which he then retailed to the audience :

' Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four score and upward, not an hour more nor
less :
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man ;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at
me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA.— And so I am, I am!

‘*Pilgrimage*’ made a very pretty scene in dumb show; changing the girls’ faces so, and giving them a new charm, the brown hair and the gold hair all hidden with the white linen band over the forehead; dark eyes or blue eyes, brunette or blonde complexion, enhanced by their temporary confinement: and sandalled Palmera tall and draped in serge, and furnished with the pilgrim’s staff, and with the scallop shell on the shoulder.

So the first charade ended amid much loudly-expressed contentment.

Hast had enough, O Reader? or shall I briefly sketch the next? I will do so in as few words as may be.

‘*Inn.*’ This was the famous scene in Pickwick: when that venerable man loses his way in the hotel, and takes possession of the middle-aged lady’s room. What pains the manager had to arrange the bed, curtains and all, and how impatient the audience began to wax: and how nearly Mr. Pickwick tumbled headlong out on to the floor, having ventured too near the edge of the treacherous mattress, upon his first popping his head out from the curtains! However we were ready in course of time; and the audience greeted Mr. Pickwick with a roar. His legs were extremely thin, and enveloped with great science in well-dissembled knee-breeches; and a bald head,—a triumph of art!—had been managed by means of some white oil-skin. A strong sensation was produced by his bending to fold up his coat in front of the fire, his black sticks of legs being seen to the best effect. Indeed so prolonged and vehement was the merriment, as to cause some perturbation in the mind of the personifier of that estimable man, as to the correctness of his attire minus his coat. However he disappeared in a

recess behind the curtains, and presently a feeble snore proclaimed him lulled in his first sleep.

It was then that the Oxford man (he of the cat) entered by another door. Her dress was rather short and scanty, and her appearance gawky; but the great hit lay in her taking it off, and appearing in petticoat and stays, and proceeding to take down her back hair. (This back hair was also a triumph of our art.) It was at this moment (the snoring had suddenly ceased a little before)—it was at this moment that Mr. Pickwick’s nightcapped head cautiously protruded from between the curtains: anxious-eyed, and spectacled.

‘Hem!’ said the lady, and in went Mr. Pickwick’s head with automaton-like rapidity.

His *sotto-voce* comments on the horror of his situation; his appearance again and agonized watching of the process of the ‘hair-doing’; his convulsive clutches at his nightcap, which had got into a knot; his retirement behind the curtains, and loud ‘Ha—hum!’—all this was keenly appreciated. But again the nightcap appeared: and, horror! she had settled herself on a chair, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

‘Most extraordinary female this,’ thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. ‘Ha—hum!’

The start of alarm: the dialogue behind the curtains: the rush toward the door, checked by the final appearance of the nightcap: this ended scene first; which appeared to be a decided success.

‘*Cant*’ was represented by that scene, in the same work, in which Mr. and Mrs. Weller, and the red-nosed man come to see Sam Weller in the Fleet. The manager himself took the part of Sam; and made a tolerably dapper personification of that character; but the red-nosed man was the great success of this syllable. He was tall, and succeeded in the attainment of lantern jaws, and rolling eyes, and hair plastered tight to his head; he sat rocking as though with perpetual English cholera; and the look of the part was perfect. But the voice was a still

greater triumph; nor shall I forget easily the agony of laughter which it caused in the actors, when it first came suddenly upon them in the rehearsal: enhanced by the touch of genius that added five magic words to the original text, the upturned eyes anxiously following Sam out of the room, and the nasal twang adding the pathetic suggestion, 'And a little spice!'

The liquor disposed of, and the hat and vast umbrella hastily gathered up, the scene ended, leaving the spectators in high curiosity and puzzle (they had already guessed the word), to know how possibly the remainder of it could be put before them. But the manager was great at an emergency, and '*'ation*' was thus set forth, in a patched-up scene.

A railway station: train just about to start: a lady and her maid enter. 'Now, ma'am, where to?' (Real jacket and bell for guard: real railway barrow for luggage.)

'Stepney 'ation,' the lady replies, and again and again reiterates. The maid on being questioned betrays the same defect of speech; and the bell is ringing just as 'Stepney Station' is found out to be the point desired. In the hurry an absent porter dabs a large paste label on to the forehead of a dandy who was sprawling on the luggage truck, and, goaded by the bell, suddenly wheels him out, with his legs sticking up in the air (sending a servant among the audience nearly into convulsions): and so this scene ends.

Last scene of all: Macbeth, and the witches, caldron and all complete: witches throwing sprinkles of coloured fire into the flames: much smoke ('twas well that this was the end): noses and chins and beards

very effective: grand hand-in-hand dance round the caldron:

'Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble!'

Then enter Hecate, handsome, and dark, and gold-diademed (since that time changed into the present writer's prudent and tender wife)—and then Macbeth; over six feet, kilted, with tartans, and fur purse, and dirk; naked legs, white socks sewn crossways with red tape: a grand, gloomy and wild incantation scene. A sudden burst of blue fire from under the caldron; and before the ghastly effect dies out, the curtain is drawn, and the charades are over.

Supper then, and genial warmth down the back of manager and performers at the hearty praise and profuse compliments: there is new delight in the talking it all over: the incidents, and the obstacles, and the mishaps and the success upon the whole.

Then the roll of carriages

'Low on the sand and loud on the stone,

and then the cosy crowded drive home.

Where are all the members of that pleasant company; where all the spectators since then? Scattered, perhaps, all about the world; but perhaps some may be not unpleasantly reminded of that merry Christmas party, by the pages of 'London Society.' Shall I apologize for the lightness of my present paper? Perhaps I ought: still, the memories are pleasant and harmless; and I shall never be the manager of such frivolities (if you will call them so,) again. I shall, however, I promise you, look on very benignly, when Cyril and Maud are old enough to get up such an evening at home.



PENSIVE MOMENTS.

JOY with youth's dream of beauty blends;
 A sunlit glow is round it shed,—
 Blown roses trampled under foot,
 Skies blue and spotless overhead.
 The angels of our happy hearts
 For ever radiant we behold,
 As those the monkish painters drew
 Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

But, ah! fair being, I have learned
 The lesson of sedater years,
 And from the smiling throng I turn
 To beauty more akin to tears;
 To tender loveliness that wins
 From sympathy a reader part,
 And touches with diviner force
 The chords of rapture in the heart.

The wonder of that perfect face,
 The splendour of that peerless brow,
 Must charm in every mood; but most
 In that which shapes their beauty now,
 When to a twilight-calm subdued,
 The spirit, strongest in repose,
 Creates a glory of its own,
 And bright in every feature glows.

What tender memories of the past
 Their hold upon thy heart retain?
 What phantoms take familiar forms?
 What silenced voices speak again?
 What is the rapture, what the woe,
 That thy full heart a moment frees,—
 The secret of thy inmost life,—
 In pensive moments such as these?

Or, on the years that are to come
 Dost thou, in saddest seeming, muse,
 Seeking to lift the clouds that give
 The future all its rainbow hues:
 Asking the riddle of thy days,
 The secret of the things to be,
 Sad that thy beauty fails in this,—
 Fate yields not to its witchery?

No sorrow weighs upon thy heart:
 It is not sadness makes thee still:
 The dreamy depths of those large eyes
 No bitter tears of anguish fill.
 Ah! no: the luxury of thought
 And idle pondering is thine,
 The silent rapture which alone
 In pensive moments we divine.

W. S.



PENSIVE MOMENTS.

[See the Poem]

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO'S BIOGRAPHY OF HUGH ELLIOT.

THE practice of issuing memoirs for private circulation, which has obtained some vogue, and of which the Queen furnished the most eminent example, has been followed by the Countess of Minto. Some years ago she published, for private circulation, a memoir of her grandfather, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, which was so successful, that she has now published the work. We may observe, *en passant*, that it is very well reviewed in the new number of the 'Quarterly.' Lady Minto courageously sat down to work through the contents of huge boxes of correspondence, and has exhibited a literary and editorial skill of the highest kind. And Hugh Elliot was a man eminently deserving of a biography, a true Bayard, a knight of the veritable crusading stamp, as one of his best friends said, 'un être composé d'esprit et de cœur.' Lord Stormont said of him, that 'in him the elements were blended.' In many courts his exploits were long remembered on account of his generosity and daring. Vienna, Warsaw, and Berlin have still their legends of Elliot, who wished to be a soldier, and became a diplomatist, but carried out diplomacy on the principle of soldiership. In various important historical works we find traces of Elliot's influence. The character of diplomacy has however altogether shifted since his time, and the grace and address which could charm courts and determine the character of political events, is now comparatively thrown away in days when such questions are settled by parliamentary discussion and the national will.

Most amusing is the account of his love affair and first marriage. He fell in love with Mademoiselle de Krauth, the most beautiful girl in Berlin. Innumerable were the witticisms perpetrated at his expense on

the subject of his taste for (Krauth) cabbage. The mother of the young lady, in her honest German simplicity, sought to dissuade him, but by arguments little calculated to depress such a wooer as Elliot. She remonstrated with him, telling him that his attentions were 'compromettant' for her daughter. She again and again asks him to avoid her daughter, as the young lady was becoming seriously attached to him. Already, on his account, the young lady had refused an excellent 'parti,' which the good mother had chosen for her. Next, he was informed that mademoiselle was unhappy, 'pour lui et par lui.' There could only be one issue to all this, which was, that this young diplomatist should marry the lady, even though it should be by the process of running away with her. He said he eloped 'from conscience,' but, as the Frenchman said, his conscience, that time, must have been 'au bas de l'escalier.' He describes Berlin as 'Nature buried in sand and mankind in slavery,' yet his Charlotte, of the blue eyes and brilliant complexion, made it enchanted ground to him. The romantic marriage did not turn out very well; romantic marriages seldom do. He appears to have been an admirable husband, with the exception — not unfrequently complained of by wives — that he did not write to her sufficiently often when he was away from home. Lady Minto says that Charlotte was 'light and arid as her native sands.' She only cared for frivolous novels, and turned away from all the generous culture with which her husband would have diverted her. By and by, when he was away from home, the mother-in-law sent him one of the queerest letters which a man could possibly receive. 'Ma fille se porte bien, s'occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toi-

lette ; je me crois pas qu'elle a de l'amitié pour vous ; elle sentira qu'une femme n'est estimée qu'autant qu'elle est bien avec son mari.' The fact is that she had formed an affection for a cousin of hers, *beau comme Apollon*, the Baron Kniphhausen, who had brought her under his power. Then came a duel, which, for nine days, was the wonder of all European courts. Elliot first put his child in safety—to secure whose fortune had been one of the Baron's chief objects—then caned the Baron, and followed him about till he forced him to fight. Frederick of Prussia, who had no reason to like Mr. Elliot, wrote, 'Was I not right when I said he would make an excellent soldier?' After the divorce Charlotte married the Baron, but did not long survive. Elliot felt the blow very keenly, but as time went on he formed new ties. Even here, again, there was a spice of the old romance. The new wife is described as being of humble birth but very beautiful; 'her face and head remarkably pretty,' says Lord Minto, 'insomuch, that the celebrated "Virgin," of Raphael, in the gallery, one of the first pictures I ever saw, is her exact portrait.'

Elliot's neat repartees to Frederick the Great, with the true diamond point of French epigram, are among the most cherished possessions of the diplomatic service. When Elliot read the King a despatch, which announced a victory, with expressions of thanks to Providence, the King said, 'Je ne savoys pas quo la Providence fût de vos alliées?' 'Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas.' When Hyder Ali was doing us all the mischief possible in the Carnatic, Elliot promptly answered, 'Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui à beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radioter.' Frederick sent an ill-conditioned fellow to London as ambassador, to annoy the English Government, and asked Elliot what they thought of him, 'Digne représentant de votre Majesté,' said Elliot, with the deepest of bows. The King ultimately requested the English government to

recall their envoy, and we are hardly surprised at it. Then he was removed to Copenhagen, where he greatly performed a great part. He was afterwards at Dresden and at Naples. In the journals of Mrs. Richard Trench we find her longing that she could write shorthand and preserve his conversation. The authoress of 'Corinne,' describing a noble action, says, in a note, that it was really done by Mr. Elliot, the English minister of Naples. Afterwards he was made Governor of the Leeward Islands, and, subsequently, governor of Madras. Having witnessed the funeral of George the Second, he also saw the accession of William the Fourth. We cannot say that the later reminiscences are at all so ample and interesting as the former. The days are close to ours, and so we touch on delicate ground.

There is a great deal of amusing byplay in the volume, and many graphic sketches of contemporary manners. The letters of his sister Isabella are intensely clever and amusing, until she turns melancholy and retires altogether from the world. She keeps Hugh *en rapport* with all that goes on in the world. 'The Queen has given two balls, which were confined, in point of ladies, to the peerage. They were, I am told, very pleasant ones, but a vast deal of dancing. They began at nine and did not finish till five in the morning; and every creature was obliged to dance every dance both up and down. I saw somebody the next day whose feet were so blistered that she could hardly walk.' Then we have a mention of the 'new actress, Mrs. Siddons, who is quite the rage; and people go to dine at the Piazzas in Covent Garden, at three o'clock, in order to get places. All the gentlemen cry, and the ladies are in fits, and, in short, nothing of the kind has met with such universal applause since Garrick.' There is a relative 'Bob' in the clerical profession in whom we take much interest. 'Bob' enters the church and cuts his hair in ecclesiastical fashion, as the first step in getting on in it. He preaches the assize

sermon in Bristol cathedral, and is desired by the mayor to publish his discourse. Isabella writes: 'I owned it seemed not a little strange to me to hear Bob lecturing the judge and corporation with just dignity. Bob apparently gets a living, but sends a very doleful account of it to his friends; "the most solitary place in the world—not a soul to converse with, the only disturbance to my meditations the barking of a dog and the cawing of a rookery, a supper of cold mutton and roasted potatoes." He can "think of nothing but matrimony with some woman who could talk," and is going off to York, where he had heard of such a one, "very fat and good-natured, to have a good deal of money." It is described as, 'on the whole, a very moving letter.' 'Bob,' however, does not get on very well with the ladies. 'Poor Bob has a rage for matrimony, and offers himself so suddenly to every young woman, that they are quite frightened and scream, "No!"'

In days when biographies are spun out into bulky volumes, it is a great credit to Lady Minto that she has compressed into one book the materials which might have sufficed for many. We would willingly have welcomed a longer selection from these papers, which would probably give us many more touches relating to states, personages, and events. Mr. Elliot played a great part at Stockholm, when he said to the King of Sweden, 'Sire, prêtez-moi votre couronne, je vous la vendrai avec lustre,' a great part at Naples, when Sicily was to be defended 'with or without the concurrence of his Sicilian majesty.' We find Mr. Pitt writing to him and giving him sage advice on the regulation of his expenses and accounts. It is instructive to know that Mr. Pitt died forty thousand pounds in debt from his own reckless carelessness in this respect. But, as Lady Minto remarks, 'Heaven is just—it gives to some the power of reasoning, and to others that of acting conformably to reason.' This is one of many sentences which show how much the granddaughter has inherited of the wit and playfulness

of the grandsire. Lady Minto has shown us the quality of her powers, and we trust it will not be long before she gives us something more and something more especially her own.*

CONCERNING RAILWAYS.

When railway accidents, railway fares, and railway monopolies are so continually discussed, it may be worth while to popularise a few conclusions in respect to railways, which have been arrived at on a large induction of facts. The leading article in the current 'Quarterly'—most probably from the pen of Mr. Smiles—collects an immense body of significant railway facts. Thus it shows that the law has hitherto been, where there has been a great increase of fares, that many of the first-class passengers will travel second, and second class travel third, while a still larger number of third-class passengers will altogether 'disappear' from the trains. This is shown by the Glasgow and Greenock line, which carries passengers for twenty-four miles at 1s. and 2s. per passenger. When the fares were increased the gross receipts fell off from ten to six per cent. In Belgium you travel first class rather under what you pay in England for third class, and in Belgium the railways pay seven per cent. We commend these facts to the three companies who have combined against the public. It is melancholy to know that in Ireland, where fares ought to be lowest, they are exceptionally high. As a rule, the third-class passengers pay better than the first class. 'In point of fact,' asked Lord Stanley of a railway manager, 'do not first-class passengers generally seem to consider that they have a right to two places instead of one?' And the manager answered, 'No doubt.' First-class passengers claim a seat for themselves and another for their hats, and fill up places with their wrappers and carpet-bags. It is doubtful whether the express train

* 'A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.' By the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas. 1868.

—which is the peculiar pride of the English railway system — really pays. The companies take pride in their express trains, and chairmen are almost ready to weep when they hear of an accident befalling them. The public like the trains to be fast and frequent, but economic considerations point to the fact that these conditions do not pay. As a matter of fact, many of the trains, with an absurd waste of power, are comparatively empty. It appears likely that the system of railway amalgamation must be more extensively adopted before the returns can be placed on a secure and satisfactory basis. Amalgamation gives lower rates and fares, a developed traffic, and an increased dividend. This is another example of the great law that co-operation is always better than competition. The highest and most expanded form of amalgamation is where the railway system is taken under the control and management of the state. This has succeeded admirably in Belgium and in France, where the same principle obtains, though in a varied form, the state takes ten per cent., gets its mails carried for nothing, and its soldiers for very little, and the shareholders also obtain large dividends. When our four hundred different railway companies have been concentrated into a few groups, we may obtain some similar advantages. Many vexatious matters, such as fares unduly raised, anomalies in rates of traffic, which give large dealers an advantage over small dealers, would be rectified. The principle of competition, on which the legislature proceeded, has altogether broken down. When you grant two lines instead of one you practically lessen the power of diminishing fares. If traffic were confined to one line instead of two, the carrying company would be in a condition to afford a material reduction. Rivalry is as bad commercially as it is ethically; it is when we all desire to help each other that we get the best help from all.

A few remarkable railway facts may here be gathered up. It is interesting to know that the wooden

sleepers on which the rails rest perish at the rate of four million a year, and to renew them ten thousand acres of pine forest must be cut down and sawn into sleepers. The lines near London, unless of steel, must be renewed every year, while in country districts they last for twenty years. The average work of a locomotive is twenty thousand miles a year. The traffic between Liverpool and Manchester is in excess of all the accommodation that can be provided; the canal traffic, instead of being superseded, is still highly prosperous. London is now the central market for the precious metals, and gold and silver are carried as regularly as butter and cheese. Goods ordered by telegraph from Manchester in the evening are delivered from London the first thing next morning. 'The bullock that was grazing under the shadow of Ben Wyvis may, within forty-eight hours, be figuring as the principal *pièce de résistance* at a west-end dinner.' Salmon is sent up to London from the north of Scotland, and then sent back to customers in the north of Scotland by the west-end fishmongers. Such are the curiosities that are mingled with the marvels of steam. And steam is yet in its infancy! There are men still living who saw the first steam-vessel; but there is no man living who can venture to predict the limits of those changes which it seems destined to work over the face of all the globe.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Just now the People are the pets. Demos is king. The workman's paper cap is as much a crown as that iron crown of Lombardy. Each political party must see that its real interests must lie in cultivating the most friendly kind of relations with the dominant political class. Being, on grounds philanthropic as well as political, earnestly devoted to the working class, desiring not to flatter but to serve them, we begin to hope that political events point to an extensive amelioration in the condition of the poor man, and to ask, categorically, what the con-

tending political parties really intend to do for him. Leaving graver subjects to graver men, we would wish to say a few words on his amusements—not without the lurking suspicion that this subject is really as important as any other. Neither, in speaking of amusements, do we really mark off the amusements of the people as being very distinct from any other sort of amusement. There ought to be no divergence, of a radical kind, between the religion, politics, and information that belong to the upper or lower social crust; neither ought there to be any in amusements. The principle should be the same, though we may vary its application.

It is to be regretted that a rational principle of amusement is not very commonly found to exist; and the want of a satisfactory theory on the subject produces all sorts of grotesque inconsistencies among very worthy people. The doctrine that amusement is a sin is now altogether exploded. The Puritans tried the experiment on a grand scale, and the results of the experiment were in the highest degree unsatisfactory. It is now understood that amusement is simply the other side of work, and that without amusement both the quantity and quality of work suffer. Still the feeling lingers, in a confused and indefinite way, blessing or banning different amusements according to arbitrary shibboleths, to the infinite amusement of those who are always trying to laugh at good people, and to the great internal discomfort of the good people themselves.

In the stream of amusements there is a strange mingling of sweet waters and bitter; here, as elsewhere, through all things human, we obtain light and shadow. It would not be difficult to show on paper, concerning every amusement, that it is theoretically right and practically wrong. Take the case of the music-halls; theoretically, you cannot have a purer and more elevated kind of amusement than music; yet, practically, the London music-hall is the fruitful parent of every kind of

mischief and abomination. So of dancing; it must be admitted that it is the most healthy, natural, and innocent of amusements; yet perhaps the dancing saloon is to be spoken of in still darker terms than the music-hall. Again, take the theatre. The Rev. Erskine Clarke, who has given great attention to the subject of popular amusements, says: 'Most people would allow that the theatre would be the most complete and interesting of all amusements. It is specially the recreation of the people, those who are too exhausted by their toil to find rest in scientific lectures or other recreations which require the mind to be active. In the theatre the mind is passive; it is acted on through the eye, without conscious effort in itself: there is no strain on the attention.' The case for the theatre is here ably put, and the great and peculiar advantages it proffers cannot be foregone without a serious sacrifice. Yet Mr. Clarke goes on to argue that 'the theatre has fallen so sadly low that, as it is now, a modest woman, a right-judging man, can scarcely enter it.' Mr. Clarke absurdly overstates his objections, and would probably glory in the fact that he has no practical knowledge of his subject. Many persons derive their notions of the theatre from a sufficiently disgraceful state of things prevalent half a century ago, and which has been materially ameliorated. The theatre has sunk in its time very low; but it is at the present time, in the items of good taste and morality, on the ascent, and not on the decline. Music, dancing, and theatricals are the three most popular kinds of amusements. In the first two society generally has been able to impose its own checks and safeguards, while 'the people' has been helplessly left without anything of the kind. We fully grant that music, dancing, and theatricals, in themselves as healthy as enjoyable, carry with them, according to facts, an evil atmosphere, and are surrounded by evil concomitants. Yet the same could be said of much else beside. Every one not a teetotaller approves of the

use of wine, beer, and spirits; yet it would be easy to show that the publican's trade does the imbibing class much more harm than the actor's art does the stage-going folk. Hospitality is a positive virtue, and yet hospitality is accompanied with an incredible amount of ostentation, bad taste, and ruinous expense. Those who admit some forms of relaxation and proscribe others proceed on no definite principle, and are merely accumulating a hoard of oral traditions. Their system has no effect upon those who seek pleasure at any price, but it deters many conscientious people from necessary relaxation, and does positive harm when persons with an uneasy conscience avail themselves of amusements, innocent in themselves, but being enjoyed without faith in that innocence are hardly innocent to them.

The true principle, stated on abstract grounds, appears to us to be that the natural amusements which human nature desires according to its implanted instincts, are in themselves to be sought for and obtained, and as far as possible to be divested from surrounding evil. The connection between amusement and evil is not a necessary but an accidental connection. It is a shortsighted and suicidal policy on the part of the managers of amusements when they permit a deadly breach to grow up between those amusements and the moral sense of the community. In the present day earnest feeling is most widely diffused, and those who view human life under the influence of earnest feeling make the class from whom substantial support is chiefly to be derived. From many amusements that support is substantially or altogether withdrawn. Take the theatre, for instance. It cannot be for a moment contested that the theatre only receives a fractional amount of public support. The population of London, with those suburbs which are brought into easy connection by the railway system, is between three and four millions. The vast majority of these people know absolutely nothing of the theatres, and only give them occasional and

scanty support. They partially satisfy the instinct for the drama by concerts, readings, lectures, which are good enough in their way, but altogether limited and unsatisfying in comparison with the drama itself. We may wander through vast regions crowded with substantial houses, and hardly in a single home will you find any intellectual interest connected with the drama. One great reason of this is obvious. The religious sense of the community, as a rule, is enlisted against it. The cry in these circles has always been that the theatre is a hot-bed of vice. Such a cry is altogether cruel and unjust. Those who go, better informed or willing to be better informed, find indeed that it is nothing of the kind. But they still find many things that are highly repellent to the cultivated moral sense. Swearing and drunkenness, forsaken in all decent society, is still, in the first case, exhibited, in the second, imitated on the stage. Decent society is hereupon offended, and takes its revenge by withholding a generous support to dramatic art. In some of our theatres the evil is at a *maximum*, and at others it is at a *minimum*; but the acknowledgment that this is an evil which ought not to exist is nowhere, so far as we are aware, practically acted on. If these mistakes were quietly withdrawn, multitudes of people would quickly return to the enjoyment of the theatres. None would be offended, and a most numerous and important class would be conciliated. Managers would see that their misdeeds are really blunders, and that well-filled and paying houses would follow the establishment of a good understanding between themselves and all classes of the public.

For instance, take the Lyceum as it is now or as it was recently. The Lyceum is in no respect worse conducted than most theatres, and indeed it may most creditably contrast with many of them. Recently a rare intellectual treat has been brought before the public in the 'Rightful Heir,' by Lord Lytton. This play seems to us to satisfy the most lofty ideal which could be framed by the

most rigorous of the function and office of the theatre. The drama is a noble one, a little too rhetorical and gorgeous, perhaps, for the severer criticism of the present day; but there is not a phrase, a thought, a word which the most delicate-minded critic could wish altered. We have an inculcation of the purest patriotism, the purest morality. The mirror is held up to Nature in her subtlest, deepest moods, and the *teaching* function of the theatre, that has so long been practically abandoned, was never more boldly and directly asserted. Altogether, we would venture to say that Lord Lytton has done a national service to the stage, and the most scrupulous could only find materials for applause and esteem. And yet there is some miserable little comedietta played as the first piece, which abounds in round, shocking oaths, which must needlessly wound and irritate many strangers who come to the theatre attracted by the potent influence of Lord Lytton's name. We are sure that the managers would be best consulting their own reputation and pecuniary interests if they neglected the tastes of that miserable minority to whom coarseness and sensuality are potent attractions in favour of those who take a legitimate interest in the drama and would find cause of offence in any base attractions beyond.

It therefore becomes the interest of all to watch the progress of amusements, that people should not be debarred from their rightful use nor yet be led by them into objectionable excesses. We believe that if things continue in a right direction, the reform already commenced in the theatres will be prosperously extended. It is not too much to hope that there may yet be dancing saloons and music halls for the general public, where there may be some kindly amalgamation of social ranks; where the elders and brothers, parents and friends shall attend in such force that the unworthy will not dare to make the entire entertainment peculiarly their own. It is not fair that young people, in the flush of youth and happiness,

should be debarred their most natural and enjoyable amusement in great towns, because we have foolishly suffered them to be tainted with an evil character. Here, as elsewhere, we shall do wisely to imitate our continental friends, and show the working mass some higher ideal of enjoyment than that to which he has hitherto been accustomed. Spacious, well-lighted rooms, where he can procure home comforts and refreshments at the rate of home expenditure, indoor amusements, the enjoyment of music and the drama, of the library and of social intercourse, and all enjoyments which might be obtained at an infinitely less cost than the expenditure which such men have generally devoted to their hours of leisure. Some such general scheme of relaxation is indeed necessary for all of us, in these days wherein the stress is laid so much upon the nervous system. If for those who are actively employed it is especially necessary that intellectual pleasures should be provided, the necessity of active amusements for the sedentary ought no less to be strenuously insisted on. Man is, after all, an animal, and his animal nature has to be consulted and educated. Gymnastics, billiards, cricket would do much to cure the brooding revolutionary notions of sedentary tailors and shoemakers. But, above all, we must place the true relations of amusement to life on a right basis. But here our inquiry is branching into new avenues of discussion to which we may later revert.

THE LIFE OF THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.*

The Earl of Liverpool was Prime Minister of this country for fifteen years, a period only exceeded by Walpole and the younger Pitt, and his administration witnessed the close of the Napoleonic wars, the perilous times that preceded their termination and the times hardly

* 'Life and Administration of Robert Banks, Second Earl of Liverpool, K.G.' Compiled from Original Documents. By Charles Duke Yonge. In Three Volumes. Macmillan and Co. 1868.

less perilous which succeeded. A vast mass of materials has been placed in the hands of Mr. C. D. Yonge, who has obtained a considerable reputation for careful and accurate compilation, and the result is before us in an enormous work, of many hundred pages and in three bulky volumes. We are rather reminded of what Macaulay said of a similar work, that it seemed to be manufactured in pursuance of a contract by which the one side furnished materials and the other side furnished brains, and the result was 'three big, bad volumes, full of indigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric.' These volumes are not bad, but they are big. They are a perfect quarry of materials, out of which the future historian may dig at his leisure. They are partly *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*; in a still greater degree they are a collection of State Papers. They form a huge body of historical and political literature. There is an utter absence of biographical details, such as may relieve the character of the work and give us glimpses into a great statesman's inner life. Only the briefest foot-note is vouchsafed to his marriage. Mr. Yonge hardly shows a ray of fancy, feeling, or eloquence; and we cannot truthfully say that his volumes possess a single literary charm. The raw material is valuable enough, but it has in no respect been worked up by the hands of an artist. Of so important a work—important despite its deficiencies—it is impossible not to take some notice; but our notice must be rigidly limited by those considerations of space from which Mr. Yonge appears to be totally emancipated.

A good deal of oblique light is shed in these pages on many historical events. We see much of the shameless bribery to which the Buonaparte family were willing to sell themselves. It seems probable that the treaty of Amiens could have been made on earlier and better terms, if we had secretly paid large sums to the family of the First Consul. Their venality was beyond conception, and the rupture of the treaty might have been pre-

vented if we could have treated with sufficiently large sums. British ministers, however, had no large funds which they could expend without accounting to parliament for the expenditure. Mr. Jenkinson, who became Lord Hawksbury by the promotion of his father to the earldom of Liverpool, was emphatically a war minister, the minister who devoted all his energies to crushing the power of Napoleon. It is singular, however, that in the lifetime of his father he should have been promoted to the House of Lords, where he had manifested great powers as a debater in the House of Commons, at a time when the ministry were in great want of great debaters. He was Foreign Secretary, and writing to his father he sums up his experience by saying that the 'court of Vienna was very feeble, that of Petersburg very flat, and that of Berlin very false.' He especially pleased George the Third by his thorough sympathy with his master on the subject of the Catholic claims. Ministers found that even to broach such a subject was to threaten the reason or the life of King George; and even Mr. Fox, when he became minister, abandoned such an intention.

Lord Liverpool was Foreign Secretary soon after we began to interfere in the affairs of Spain and Portugal. The Foreign Office was in the state of the highest efficiency during his management. He collected his information and disseminated it in necessary quarters with the utmost celerity. The result of this was that he acted, at the first moment, with the utmost energy and promptitude. Thus, directly Lord Hawksbury got his earliest information respecting the peace of Tilsit, he took the energetic step which resulted in the seizure of the Danish fleet. We have an interesting account of the complications which arose in consequence of the residence of Louis the Eighteenth in this country. The titular king wished to exert over his fellow-emigrants a royal authority inconsistent with English law, and Lord Hawksbury had to explain this very firmly to him and his

brother. The effect of this work will be to explain away a misconception which has largely prevailed on the subject of the Peninsular war. It is generally supposed that Wellington was very ill supported by the Government at home, and that he was unable to inspire a weak and desponding ministry with courage. But Lord Liverpool was never weak and desponding. We find him writing to his brother at a critical time: 'In God's name, keep up your spirits, or otherwise you can be of no use. I do not mean that you should not see things as they really are, but you should not suffer yourself to despair. I never knew those feelings entertained by any one, that they did not, however unknown to himself, tinge the language of the person who imbibed them, and thereby produce incalculable mischief.' We find Lord Liverpool acting with the heartiest sympathy with Wellington, and doing his best to rally the drooping hopes of the country. Lord Liverpool had as wide a range of political vision in foreign affairs as Wellington himself. When Napoleon seemed to have combined all the world against our commerce, we find him announcing to Wellington that he saw appearances of renewed conflict in the north of Europe, and that they must try to take every advantage of any occasion that might arise. Wellington's brother, Lord Wellesley, to the great annoyance of Wellington himself, gave the ministry great trouble by inconveniently resigning. The reason, so far as could be ascertained, was curious enough. He had returned from the East a thoroughly sultanized Englishman. He would keep his still more illustrious brother waiting in his ante-room. He would not often descend to attend a Cabinet Council, and when he did he appears to have conducted himself with a sort of oriental arrogance. He expected that the slightest indication of his opinion should be received with the utmost deference, and as he did not get this extreme deference, he resigned. After the murder of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool, in his forty-second year, became Prime

Minister. For many years he had served through many offices, and had acquired a vast amount of official experience, but he had, perhaps, acquired a little too much of an official turn of mind. At first it was thought that his tenure of office was eminently unstable; and it was certainly a disadvantage that the Premier should be in the Upper House. Yet this ministry lasted some fifteen years; and if Lord Liverpool's career had not been cut off by apoplexy it might have lasted much longer. In forming it he gave Peel his first official promotion. 'He has a particularly good temper, and great frankness and openness of manners, which I know are particularly desirable on your side of the water. He acquired great reputation, as you must have heard, as a scholar at Oxford, and he has distinguished himself in the House of Commons on every occasion on which he has had an opportunity of speaking.' To us his chief error appears to be that he had not insisted in the first instance that Napoleon should be relegated to St. Helena instead of Elba. This might have saved the carnage of Waterloo and the second occupation of Paris. But Alexander of Russia was bent on showing a spurious liberality towards Napoleon, and Lord Castlereagh was unable to make way against him, or was prevented. After this time Lord Liverpool made the heavy hand of England felt upon France, and from him proceeded the suggestion to Wellington of the restoration of the works of art from the Louvre.

Lord Liverpool certainly did not have a very enviable part to discharge in reference to the trial of Queen Caroline. These volumes, however, place his political integrity in a very high point of view in reference to this and various other delicate transactions. With great prescience he foreshadowed many questions which have since demanded or may demand practical solution. Among his letters we find one of a most extraordinary kind from Coleridge, the philosopher and poet, which Lord Liverpool labels as being partially unintelligible. We hope some disciples of his school may at-

tempt a commentary; we can only believe that it was written under some of the direst effects of opium. Lord Liverpool's administration of his patronage, especially of his ecclesiastical patronage, was of the most exemplary kind. We have some curious narratives of attempts made to tamper with him in his bestowal of sacred offices. We regret to say that the chief offenders were King George the Fourth and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Liverpool in his time made many bishops; with not one was he connected, and with some he was not personally acquainted. The King was very anxious that a certain clergyman should be promoted to a canonry at Windsor. It is curious to us how the King could not have his own way in an appointment which seems peculiarly, as well as nominally, his own gift. His Majesty rather fibbed in the matter. In a long letter he assured the minister that he was not influenced by any personal friend; but it was well known how he was influenced in the matter by a certain lady. Ultimately the King was obliged to give way; he never forgave the Premier, though he was unable to resent his conduct. We afterwards find—to our surprise and regret—that the Duke of Wellington is insisting with ungraceful pertinacity that his brother Gerald should be promoted to an Irish bishopric. Lord Liverpool frankly replies that as his brother Gerald is

living in a state of separation from his wife, he really cannot do so. He referred the Duke to St. Paul's Epistles on the subject; and nothing could induce him to swerve from his determination. The matter created some soreness between the illustrious friends. Mr. Yonge says that the friends and family of the Duke of Wellington were absolutely insatiable with and put all possible pressure on the Duke to make him promote their interests.

On the whole the effect of this publication will be greatly to heighten and extend the reputation of the Earl of Liverpool. The work is so totally destitute of literary merit that we cannot hope it will be popular; but in time its contents will be wonnedered and will be popularized. One of the best testimonials to his worth has been given by Lord Brougham. 'He was never known to utter a word at which any one could take exception. He was the most fair and candid of all debaters. No advantage to be derived from a misrepresentation, or even an omission, ever tempted him to forego the honest and manly satisfaction of stating the fact as it was, treating his adversary as he deserved, and at least reciting fairly what had been urged against him, if he could not successfully answer it.' Such an example may humbly be recommended to the legislators about to assemble, at the great palace of Westminster.



